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## RELICS OF POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.]

**A**BOUT twenty years ago, a small party, possessed by what is now called the spirit of *exploring*, arrived to spend a week at Park-gate—not the celebrated place of embarkation well known to Irish travellers, but an obscure spot chosen for the accommodation of sea-bathers in the West of Scotland. There this fine name is given to a cluster of white huts on the eastern edge of a broad bay walled almost round with a natural parapet of rocks, broken here and there into columns linked together by garlands of sea-weed, sometimes tufted round their tops like the most elegant Corinthian capitals. Above this parapet rose another wall of mountains covered with the dark heath peculiar to Galloway, except where a few bunches of gold-blossomed broom hung like tassels among their brown drapery. Through the only chasm among these mountains might be seen the brilliant expanse of the Irish Channel and the outline of the English coast, as if sketched with a silver pencil on the edge of the blue sky. In the centre of the bay itself, an isle covered with dwarf trees appeared as if a green pavilion had been raised by magic in a lake of diamonds. Such it seemed in the light of a midsummer sun, as the party of ramblers dismounted from their po-

nies, and demanded the best room contained in the largest white cottage, distinguished by a slated roof and two stone steps at the door. This party consisted of the Provost of K. a tall, active, military looking man, with a hunter's bag slung over his shoulder; the captain of a trading brig in his service, whose long voyages had stored him with the superstitions of all countries; and the kirk-minister, whose father, as is not unusual with the Scotch priesthood, had been in that pastoral walk of life which still retains a few legends of our own. To these were added the Provost's confidential clerk, or amanuensis, a youth under twenty, who listened with a delighted and believing ear to his patron's favourite romances, which were related with no small share of his ancestor Rob Roy M'Gregor's gallant spirit, mingled with some of the arch gravity peculiar to our English Gascony. The sallies of imagination which might have been expected from such a party, were controlled and harmonized by the presence of a lady from the vale of Dent, in the Gascony already mentioned. This lady, as the Provost's sister-in-law, and a wealthy widow of forty-five, possessed authority enough to regulate the eccentric humours of her compa-

nions, and sufficient attraction to enliven them. She had the bright black eyes and short pert nose ascribed to the celebrated queen of ancient Egyptians; and enough of olive-brown in her cheeks to suit, as she said herself, the queen of this gay troop of modern gipsies.

The travellers had hardly begun their depredations on a table covered with kippered salmon and eggs, which strongly announced the vicinity of the poultry-yard to the peat-stack, before they were interrupted by that extraordinary clamour of dogs supposed by an ingenious French tourist to be a Scotch device for the purpose of expediting travellers' horses. The lady ran to the little casement, and the gentlemen, after a few compliments murmured among themselves to the curiosity of the sex, went out to ask questions for their own amusement. The chorus of dogs was presently improved by the sound of two ill-managed bagpipes, a bad violin, and a drum which had been discarded from the Provost's volunteer corps. These headed a procession composed of his waller, mole catcher, grieve or bailiff, and sundry coppers in blue jackets and new shoes; for the apparel of Galloway-men differs from their more southern neighbours only in the unfrequency of the latter article, and the picturesque plaid and bonnet are seldom added. Two of the youngest, and probably the soberest of this groupe, supported a sunburned youth in apparel which did marvellous credit to the glossy blue cloth of the town-tailor. Conscious of this credit, and of his importance as a bridegroom, the wearer endeavoured to assume an assured air which added admirably to the comic effect of the procession. After calling at all the public-houses on their route, and dancing as well as they could at the last, the groupe reached Park-gate, where the bride resided, and where, according to national courtesy, the elected husband came to claim her. The Provost, with that joyous frankness which links the peasantry of Scotland to their masters more powerfully than solid benefactions, immediately assumed his part in the festival, and entered the cot-house

with his sister, his secretary, and the kirk-minister. Well aware that the Laird might be expected, the party within were arranged with more decorum than the bridegroom's escort without. The three-legged stool, broad old kist or meal chest, and troops of poultry, which usually occupy the little space of a Scotch cot-house, were on this day displaced to make room for two benches borrowed from Johnny M'Cune's "public;" the wisps of wheat-straw, and bundles of dry furze, which had been deposited as usual on the lath top of the cupboard bed whereon winter fuel is hoarded, were swept away into a darker place, and only a few bunches of fresh heath blossoms peeped out as a kind of cornice. The old hat inserted into the fourth square of the only window was also removed, and its place very well supplied by half-a-dozen curious faces striving to obtain a glance at the interior. On the two borrowed benches were arranged half-a-dozen damsels, whose earnings at a neighbouring cotton-mill enabled them to appear on this occasion in white muslin or fine flowered calico, with hose and slippers which had been carefully put on under the nearest hedge; in addition to the usual finery of Scotch maidens, a blue ribbon passed not ungracefully through their hair above the forehead. At the head of this bride-bench, in the place of honour established by most ancient custom, sat the bride herself, distinguished by a cap, while two of her eldest acquaintance broke a large cake over the heads of those who entered; and the minister having forced his way through the crowd, obtained a vacant space about two feet square in the centre of the cot-house. To his brief question whether any impediment could be alleged, and equally brief injunction respecting their duties, the parties replied by two silent nods, and uniting their hands without the gift of a ring, received the final benediction. Having thus performed the simple ceremonial dictated by his memory or extempore inspiration, the minister of the kirk of Scotland made a signal to the rosy piper, whose face shone through the

broken casement, and led the first dance with the bride, followed by the lady of Dent, who sprang from the three-legged stool brought for her accommodation, and by leading the bride-groom down the dance, atoned to him for usurping his allotted post of honour between the bride-bench and the wall. She gave his spouse a piece of silver coin as a substitute for the lucky stone, or “elfin arrow,” now scarce in Scotland ; but there was little doubt of the wedding’s prosperity, as a spae-wife both deaf and dumb had marked out their figures in chalk, and the winding-sheet for the husband had been duly spun. Untempted by the “teadinner,” or substantial late breakfast designed for the bridal feast, the travellers returned to their own tenement to discuss the many ceremonies by which popular superstition still decorates an event sanctified by the Kirk only with austere simplicity.

“These superstitions,” said the good old Minister, “are part of the poetical instinct of human nature. We, in this age of reason, have been perhaps too busily employed in tearing them from a class of beings to whom mere reason is not much use. Their harmless appeals to fairy ministers, and reliance on unseen agents, spring not merely from idle curiosity, but from that unsatisfied ambition in our minds which inclines us to seek a communion with higher beings, and is part of our finest principle. Since men will create an imaginary importance for themselves, I love to see them connect the interference of their unknown friends with the social affections and simple incidents of domestic life. Let them give these affections and these incidents all the sanctity they can by the help of supernatural agents. I wish the days could return when men were persuaded that a witness sat in every tree, and the spirit of human feeling in every bird.”

“It would not be very advantageous to quote Dr. Johnson in Scotland,” said the fair Widow, “else I could remind you that even he has said nothing would be so tiresome as to live by mere reason. When I was as young in matrimony

as pretty Elspy in the cot-house below, the Provost’s brother tried to make me find a reason for every thing, but he soon found I had too many. Yet after all, how very little that we do, think, or wish to have, would bear reasoning !—What can we call the every-day ceremonies of our gilt-cards, our visits of etiquette, and formal parade, but superstitions of a kind not quite so cheap and diverting as those of Hallowe’en and St. John’s Eve.”

Proud of this encouragement from his aunt, the young clerk ventured to add, “The superstitions of vanity have no end to their varieties, but the superstition of affectionate hearts seems to have been alike in all ages, and the ceremonies it has created differ very little. The Indian Cupid’s bow of sugar-cane and his five arrows are the same as his Greek cousin’s. The chief of the South Sea isles carrying his sick child to the houses of his idols, and praying all night by their consecrated stones, shews the same progress in humanity and reason as the Hindoos strewing fresh flowers and pouring oil on the stone of their benevolent Maha Deva, and covering it with new-shorn wool. Do not both remind us of the sacrifices offered to the genius or guardian angel of a Roman with wine and fragrant odours ?—and even of the Hebrew altar of incense and libations ?”

“You might trace such similitudes much farther,” rejoined the Clergyman :—“What can more resemble our relics of popular superstition than the barley-cake and gifts distributed at an ancient Roman’s wedding, and the lamentations or outeries made to awaken him if possible during the first seven days after his death ? Our cotagers still preserve the custom of receiving the last breath of a dying relative from his lips, and the nearest of his kindred commit his head to the earth, as we find among the politest nations of the continent was once their custom. The halfpenny put into the dead man’s mouth, the funeral feast given to the poor, and the wailing of hired mourners, have been recorded

in all annals of our northern ancestors and neighbours—from Norway even to the Appennines. From the Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay to the point of Cape Horn, from the Calmuc Tartars to the Tonga Islanders, we cannot find either colony or nation that has not devised some poetical circumstance or some mysterious mode of divination to dignify their choice in love or marriage. The business of fortune-telling is as old as the world, and the mischievous serpent himself seems to have begun his operations in Eden by telling our grandmother Eve her fortune."

"When I sailed to Aleppo," said the Captain, now perceiving an avenue for himself into the conversation, "I bought of an Armenian Jew, in exchange for some of my merchandise, a most strange book, which had been compiled from the works of the Rabbis about 200 years, and I brought it with me here, Doctor, as an addition to your library. But with respect to your opinion of superstition, I should rather call it the pleasure of human nature in what relates to the merry occasions of life, such as we have seen to-day. And one must own there is something plausible enough in the devices men have found to give consequence to trifles. When I was at Japan, the people shewed me several hot springs, which, as they assured me, were purgatories for certain classes of men. Deceitful brewers were supposed to lodge at the bottom of the muddiest; bad cooks under those that frothed highest; and quarrelsome wives in one that made an incessant noise.\* They offered me a slice of a green serpent with a flat head and sharp teeth, which they professed would infallibly make me witty and brave; but I chose rather to digest the affront than the talisman. In one their temples I found a piece of mirror, which they thought an emblem of the deity, and endeavoured to propitiate by striking a bell three times. I also saw gilt paper lighted every evening before the sea-god, and comedies acted in the street for his diversion; but the *witches' stool* was the

most fantastical torture ever devised; and I added it to the long list of provisions I have found for such creatures in every land my anchor has touched."

"Who," rejoined the Calvinist, "has not heard of the ill-luck betiding Friday, the doleful omen brought by a raven or a solitary dove alighting on a house to the left side of the spectator? This Rabbinical book, which you have brought me, gives farther testimony on this subject.—'We shall find,' says the author, 'seven kinds of Diviners forbidden among the Hebrews, not because there were no other, but because they were the most usual. 1. An observer of times—2. An inchanter—3. A witch—4. A charmer—5. A consulter with familiar spirits—6. A wizard—7. A necromancer. To these we may add an eighth, *Consulting with the staff*: and a ninth out of Ezek. ch. 21. A consulter with entrails.—The first is a star-gazer: and his name saith Aben Ezra, is derived from Gnanan, a cloud. When he observes the stars or clouds, he stands with his face eastward, his back westward, his right hand towards the south, and his left hand towards the north: else I find no reason why the Hebrews should term the eastern the fore part of the world, and the western the back; the south part *Iiamin* or the right hand, and the north part *Shemol* or the left. He is Menachesch, or a soothsayer, say the Rabbines, who, because a morsel of bread falleth out of his mouth, or his staff out of his hand, or a crow hath cawed unto him, or a goat passed him, or a serpent was on his right hand or a fox on his left, will say, "Do not this or that to-day." A witch or juggler is called Mecascheph, a complexion-maker, a compounder of medicine, an artisan who makes *men* and *women's* faces with paint. The fourth is Chober, a charmer. The Hebrew word signifieth league and association, either from the fellowship such persons have with Satan, or, as Bodinus thinketh, because such kind have frequent meetings wherein they dance and make merry together. Onkelos translates such a charmer *Raten*, a mutterer, and Maimon, cap. 11. de-

\* *Vide* Kempfer's History of Japan.

scribes him thus—‘ Hee is a charmer who speaketh words of a strange language and without sense ; and thinketh that if one say so or so to a scorpion, it cannot hurt a man ; and he that saith so or so to a man, he cannot be hurt. Likewise he that whispereth over a wound, or readeth a verse out of the Bible over a sleeping infant that he may not be frightened, is a charmer, because he makes the words of the scripture medicine for the body, whereas they are medicine for the soul. Of such sort was that whereof Bodinus speaketh —That a child by reciting a certain verse hindered a woman that she could not make her butter : but by reciting the same verse backward, he made her butter come presently. The fifth is Schoel Ob,\* a consulter with Ob, or familiar spirits. Ob properly signifies a *Bottle*, and is applied in divers places to magicians, because they speak with a soft and hollow voice as out of a bottle. The sixth, *Liddegnoni*, is translated by the Greeks *a cunning man* ; and the Rabbis say, that when such men prophesied they held between their teeth the bone of a beast which resembled a man. Protane history mentioneth divinations of the like kind, inasmuch as the magicians ate portions of the animals used in augury, thinking that by a kind of metempsychosis, the souls of such animals would be conveyed into themselves, and enable them to prophecy. To the name of the seventh, ‘ Doresch el hammethim,’ the Greek answers word for word, a necromancer, or enquirer of the dead. Not that we may suppose witches can raise or disturb the souls or bodies of the dead, though they may bring Satan or their familiar demons in that semblance. Of the eighth, a consulter with his staff, Jerome saith the manner of divination was this—If the doubt were between two or three cities which should be assaulted first, they wrote the names of the cities upon certain staves or arrows, which being shook in a quiver together, the first that was pulled out determined the city. Or the consulter measured his staff by spans, or by the length of his finger, saying as he mea-

sured, ‘ I will go—I will not go—I will act—I will not act ;’ and according to the words that fell out with the last span, it was determined. The ninth was Roc Baccabed, a diviner by entrails—a practice generally received among the heathens, especially regarding the liver.”

The young clerk eagerly interposed to mention the sorceries of liver-eaters, so much feared by the Hindoos, and added—“ I doubt not that a very pleasant parallel might be drawn if any one had time and science enough to exhibit on one large sheet of paper, a list of all the popular superstitions known to us in every country yet discovered. The American feast of the dead, the Obi of the West Indies, and the incantations of Lapland, all betray the same origin as the gayer and more elegant sorceries of Persia and Peru. Perhaps in the time-taper, the bowl floating in a brass dish to measure hours, and the three trees planted as a marriage-bower by the Hindoos, we may see no slight resemblance to the sacred candle burned by our Yorkshire maidens on the eve of St. Agnes, the ring and plum-posset of St. Mark’s vigil, and the dear hawthorns of our ballad-singing shepherds.

The Provost, stretching himself at his ease on the wooden settle or sofa of the hearth-place, replied, “ Among all your nine diviners, I should have chosen Ob, for the inspiration of the bottle never fails. As for your reasons, you have used them as men usually do, only to justify what you like best ; but as we have been all day too merry to be wise, let us excuse our own by telling all the old-fashioned follies we know. I reserve my tale to the last, as I intend it to be the most magnificent, and because, like the Chieftain M’Ivor, I have not got it ready.”

“ Prepare the best in your stock,” said the Lady of Dent, “ provided it does not relate to your gold mine at Dunduffle, or the castle of Robert de Romevile, built before Miss Mac-Jupiter’s poetical name was translated into English. I mean to narrate all the fibs concerning both.” The audience gave a gallant assent, and the Lady’s history began, taking due precedence of her five companions ----

V.

\* *Vide Chrysostom, Tertullian, and Augustine.*

## ANTAR,

A BEDOUEEN ROMANCE. TRANSLATED FROM THE ARABIC.

We hasten to give some account of this remarkable work, which, as far as our knowledge consists, may be considered in many points as thoroughly unique in European literature. We no doubt possess many Eastern Tales, supernatural and romantic narratives, in which all the metaphor and glow of oriental style is employed in adorning fictions of unbounded splendour and fancy. These place before our enchanted senses the manners and customs of Asia ;—but they are chiefly the manners and customs of palaces and mighty sovereigns. They are derived too from the pens of Turkish or Persian poets, who gild every object with the brilliancy of their own imagination ; and, except perhaps in the Koran itself, we might say, that previous to the perusal of *Antar*, we were ill informed of the peculiar habits of ancient Arabia,—of that shepherd people whose characteristics were but one stage removed from those in the first recorded history of associated man.

In offering these observations, we speak not of the wild adventures of the theme of this Bedoueen story. The fables of Greek mythology are not more incredible than his super-human feats ; but there is a simplicity which runs through their relation, a perpetual reference to the institutions and ways of these pastoral and wandering, yet warlike tribes, an individuality and freshness of description, that possess extraordinary interest, and raise this romance far above its class, as the most curious picture of Arabian life in early times which has ever met the eye of Europe.

While we trace the career of the Arab Hercules, staggering belief with its prodigious exploits, and contemplate the exaggerated hero performing such wonders as only the heroes of antiquity could perform ; while we listen to the vaunts of his own valiant deeds, and his power in battle, compared with which all the boastings of modern braggardism are perfect modesty ; while we are charmed by the harmony of the love strains of this strange but fervent lover, shining even through translation with rare felicity of thought and beauty of expression ; we are still more attracted by the multitude of native traits, which, as it were, make us inmates of the Arabs' tents, introduce us to their families, and shew us the qualities and rights of the ruler, the father or head, the wife, the child, the slave, thro' all the gradations of society in its youth.

Many parts, as might be expected, bear a strong resemblance to the historical books of the Old Testament : the poetry also has its nearest parallels in that sacred volume, and in Ossian : but the romantic nature of the work, leading into situations different from any detailed in the Bible or by the Scottish Bard, the resemblance is often contrasted with a dissimilitude which gives the whole an air of great novelty and originality.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

REMARKS ON THE  
ROMANCE OF ANTAR.\*

THE few detached passages translated into German in the *Mines de l'Orient*, can scarcely be said to have done more than excite the attention of scholars to this Arabian Romance. The merit of having introduced even them to any thing like an acquaintance with its merits, belongs exclusively to Mr. Hamilton. We are not aware that any so considerable addition has for a long time been made to our stock of oriental knowledge and amusement as by his excellent production ; nay, we almost think that when he has furnished his version, he will have conferred on us a favour only second to that which has immortalized the name of Galland.

Antar, or Antara, of whom, on a former occasion, we have spoken a few words, is the knight-errant (*Kat' eγoxw*)

\* *Antar, a Bedoueen Romance ; translated from the Arabic. By Terick Hamilton, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. London, Murray, 1819.*

of Arabia ; and our readers will be able to judge for themselves, whether he be not also, in all probability, the original and prototype of the knights-errant of Europe. His adventures bear a likeness which can scarcely be supposed to be entirely accidental to those of our western Palmerin and Amadis ; or rather, perhaps, we should say, to our romantic stories of *Cœur-de-Lion* and the *Campeador*. The history was, it is supposed, compiled from the oral narratives of the story tellers, and thrown into its present form by Osmay, one of the scholars who frequented the court of Haroun-al-Raschid ; but there is no reason to doubt the real existence of its hero. *Antar* was a poet as well as a warrior ; and the well known production, which goes under his name, and which forms part of the *Moallakhat*, is introduced into the body of this romance itself, although Mr. Hamilton has not yet reached it in his translation. Smaller pieces in verse are every where scattered throughout the narrative ; a mode of composition very common, both a-

mong the Persians and Arabs. For even in the *thousand and one nights*, although the European reader would scarcely suspect it to be so, the more passionate speeches and descriptions are all in verse. The style has indeed much higher authority in its favour, for the prophetic books of the Old Testament, and even some of the historical ones, abound in the same sort of intermixture. The time when the incidents of the story occur is in the century before Mahomet, when the Arabs still drank wine, and “blasphemed in ignorance.”

Nothing can be more delightful than the feeling which attends us in our first perusal of *Antar*. We are transported into a scene of which we have before seen nothing, but in which we recognise at once, as if by intuition, the glow, the wildness, the vastness—all the unchangeable features of the eternal desert. The personages into whose company we are introduced have the most inimitable air of dignified barbarism ; they have no idea of pleasure except what consists in galloping along the sand on the back of a far-descended courser, or reposing beneath the shadow of some green palm-trees by the side of a fountain.—Even their plundering expeditions seem to be undertaken by them more for the excitement of the chase and the combat, than for the sake of the booty itself. And yet their booty is of no despicable kind. The slow caravan is terrified in the midst of the desert by a cloud of dust, more regular in its shape and its progress than those which are tost up by the wind alone, and which form, as it were, the perpetual waves of that limitless ocean. From the midst of the cloud they soon hear the cry of onset, and see the flashing of the javelins. “They come down to the field, and they are like furious lions ; they gallop and charge before the warriors. They rush into the scene of blows and thrusts. They dash down on them, mounted on raven-coloured steeds, strong sinewed. Then begins the storm and the bluster—the sport and exertion—the give and take—the struggle and the wrestle—and every eye gazes intently, and every neck is

stretched out.” The prize is “fine linen,”—and “precious stones,”—and “all manner of merchandize ;” among the rest, beautiful damsels covered up in long veils, Koptish and Arabian ; some having “cheeks like the piony,” “eyes like the roe of the desert,” and “glances like the arrows of death ;” others, in the language of Solomon, “black but comely.”

In one of these expeditions, a noble Bedoueen, by name *Shedad*, receives as his share a negress called *Zebeedah*. Like the King of Israel, he has no objection to her dark colour. “She had made a great impression on the heart of *Shedad*, and he longed for her in his soul. Her form was delicate ; her eye inspired love ; her smile was enchanting, and her gestures graceful.” “In blackness,” says *Shedad*, “there is some virtue ; if thou observest its beauty well, thy eyes do not regard the white or red. Were it not for the black of the night, the dawn would not rise.”

“*Shedad* visited her morning and evening ; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant ; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy black and swarthy like an elephant, flat nosed, blear eyed, harsh featured, shaggy haired ; the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated ; strong boned, long footed ; he was like a fragment of a cloud, his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape, limbs, form, and make resembled *Shedad* ; and *Shedad* was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him *Antar*, and for many days he continued to gaze on him with delight. But when *Zebeebah* wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly, and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood ; and this was his condition till he was weaned.”

This hopeful child is, of course, duly prized by his father ; but the companions of the foray in which his mother was captured, when they learn that the lady has produced a boy, allege that they were not aware of her fruitfulness, and that *Shedad* has got too great a share of the booty, in the possession of such a quick breeder. King *Zoheir*, the patriarch of the tribe, hearing of the dispute, expresses a wish to see the child, who is its chief cause. *Antar* is brought into the presence, and his majesty is so much terrified by his shocking appearance, that he tosses a piece of raw meat at him, by way of *bon-bon*. The king’s

bull-dog, however, thinks the present an infraction upon his dues, and snatches it—but mark the issue: “Antar followed him till he came up with him; he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength. He wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain even to his shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth.” The possession of “this wretch,” as the king calls him, is, however, confirmed to Shedad, who gives Zebeedah a small house to live in by herself with her children. Antar continues to grow every day in bulk and in boldness. One day he is employed to look after some cattle, when a wolf darts upon them from a thicket. Antar “runs after him and smites him with his staff between the eyes, and makes the oil of his brains to fly out from between his ears, and slays him.” In short, neither beast nor boy can resist the prowess of this infant Alcides, and ere long “his name is a terror among all the servants of Shedad.”

The first exploit which makes him celebrated in a more extensive circle, is his killing of a favorite slave of Prince Shas, the son of King Zohier. This is narrated in a style of most patriarchal simplicity.

“One day the poor men, and widows, and orphans met together, and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink, and were all standing by the water side. Daji came up and stopped them all, and took possession of the water for his master’s cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up to him, and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying, Be so good, master Daji, as to let my cattle drink; they are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock and cover my nakedness; have compassion on me and grant my request, and let them drink. But he paid no attention to her demand, and abused her. She was greatly distressed and shrunk back. Then came another old woman and addressed him, O master Daji, I am a poor weak old woman, as you see; time has dealt hardly with me, it has aimed its arrows at me; and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress; these sheep are all I possess; let them drink, for I live on the milk they produce. Pity my forlorn state; I have no one to tend them, therefore grant my request, and be so kind as to let them drink.

“As soon as Daji heard these words, and perceived the crowd of women and men, his pride increased, and his obstinacy was not to be moved, but he struck the woman on the stomach, and threw her down on her back,

and uncovered her nakedness, whilst all the slaves laughed at her. When Antar perceived what had occurred, his pagan pride played throughout all his limbs, and he could not endure the sight. He ran up to the slave, and calling out to him, You bastard, said he, What mean you by this disgusting action? Do you dare to violate an Arab woman? May God destroy your limbs, and all that consented to this act.

“When the slave heard what Antar said, he almost fainted from indignation; he met him, and struck him a blow over the face that nearly knocked out his eyes. Antar waited till he had recovered from the blow, and his senses returned; he then ran at the slave, and seizing him by one of the legs, threw him on his back. He thrust one hand under his thighs, and with the other he grasped his neck, and, raising him by the force of his arm, he dashed him to the ground. And his length and breadth were all one mass. When the deed was done his fury was unbounded, and he roared aloud even as a lion. And when the slaves perceived the fate of Daji, they shrieked out to Antar, saying, You have slain the slave of Prince Shas! What man on earth can now protect you? They attacked him with staves and stones, but he resisted them all; he rushed with a loud yell upon them, and proved himself a hardy warrior, and dealt among them with his stick as a hero with his sword.”

The result of this fray might have proved fatal to Antar, but for the interposition of Malik, a brother of Prince Shas, who takes a fancy to the boy, and intercedes for him with King Zoheir. His majesty sends him back to his father’s dwelling in triumph, where he is immediately surrounded by all the females of the establishment, “amongst whom were his aunts and his cousin, whose name was Ibla. Now Ibla was younger than Antar, and a merry lass; she was lovely as the full moon, and she frequently joked with Antar, and was very familiar with him as he was her servant.” The particular kindness of Ibla, on this occasion, seems to have made a strong impression on the heart of Antar, and from that moment his love for this “merry lass” forms the chief passion of his soul, and the strongest stimulus to all his heroic exertions. The maiden, however, takes no notice of her admirer, because, being a slave, and the son of a slave, he cannot for a moment be supposed worthy of a noble born Arabian damsel like Ibla. There is much nature, we think, in this little incident.

“One day he entered the house of his uncle Malik, and found his aunt combing his cousin

Ibla's hair, which flowed down her back, dark as the shades of night. *Antar* was quite surprised, but Ibla ran away as soon as *Antar* had entered and seen her, as her sable locks waved to the ground behind her. This increased *Antar*'s astonishment; he was greatly agitated, and could pay no attention to any thing; he was anxious and thoughtful."

From this time his "anguish becomes oppressive;" the tears rush into his eyes whenever he sees her; he addresses to her the most fervent effusions in verse, and manifests every symptom of the most authentic passion. He is aware that he has in his present condition no hope, and he resolves to raise himself to the state of a free Arab by means of his sword. In the meantime, however, his passion is suspected, and he is ordered into confinement by his father; but learning the name of the slave who had betrayed him, his wrath immediately swells into irresistible violence, he bursts his cords like Samson, and, rushing into the field, he immediately slays the object of his resentment in the same shocking manner in which he had already despatched the slave of Prince *Shas*. This homicide brings him into new jeopardy, and his father and brothers pursue him with intent to kill him. They come up with *Antar* in the desert, and find him in the act of killing a prodigious lion, *pour se disennuyer*. As soon as he had strangled this "dog of the plain," he rips him up, kindles a fire with dry sticks, and roasts and devours the entire carcase. *Shedad* and his companions, amazed by this display of strength and stomach, think it prudent to make a quiet retreat; and Prince *Malik*, hearing their account of what had occurred, again interests himself so much as to procure the pardon of *Antar*.

Shortly after this, while *Shedad* is absent, the women are amusing themselves with dancing and music in the garden, when they are surprised by a party of horsemen of another tribe, and carried off in the unceremonious manner to which Arabian ladies are so well accustomed. Among the rest is Ibla. *Antar*, who happened to be at some little distance, does not hear of this outrage immediately; but returning in a short time, and learning the absence of his love, his rage becomes so great that

he runs off, on foot, and single-handed, in pursuit of the marauders. He engages them with irresistible fury, and ends with slaying seventy of them, and bringing back the whole of the females in triumph—Ibla being mounted *en croupe* on the horse which he himself rides. The women are passionate in their acknowledgments; but their minds are quite distressed by the idea of having been seen unveiled by strangers; and fearing that their lords and masters might conceive a disgust for them in consequence of this exposure, it is earnestly intreated of all present that the affair should be kept a profound secret. On the day after his return, *Shedad* goes out on horseback to examine his herds and flocks;

"And he perceived among his horses some strange ones, and also saw *Antar* riding upon a black mare. Whence, cried he, came these animals? and whence got you this mare, that excites my wonder? Now the mare *Antar* was riding belonged to the chief of the Cahtanians, and the other horses were those the horsemen rode whom he had slain; the spoil and all he had collected were concealed at his mother's. O master, he replied, as I was tending the flocks yesterday, there came some Cahtanians, and with them an immense quantity of cattle; they were much fatigued, and moreover frightened at the Arab horsemen. I followed them, and finding these horses separated from the rest, I took them back. Thou wicked slave, said *Shedad*, these are no horses strayed from their owners, thou hast carried them off from beneath their riders; it is on this account thou wanderest alone in these wilds and rocks, and every Arab thou canst meet thou killst him, and thou carest not whether he is of the tribe of Cahtan or *Adnan*. Never wilt thou leave off this conduct till thou hast excited feuds among the Arabs, and slain heroes and horsemen! Never again will I let thee take my cattle to the pasture; and he beat him with the whip he had in his hand; and as he continued to lash and thrash him, no good will come of thee, said he; evil and abominations are rooted in thee; thou wilt breed dissensions among the Arab tribes, and thou wilt make us a common tale among nations. His father still beat him and abused him, and he bore it all.

"At last *Semeeah* (the wife of *Shedad*) came out, and seeing what was going on, she wept bitterly. She sprang forwards and threw herself on his breast, exclaiming, sooner shalt thou beat me than him; he does not deserve such ill treatment, O *Shedad*. But *Shedad* became very angry with her, and shoving her away, threw her down on her back. She rose up and cast herself into *Antar*'s arms, uncovering her head, and letting her hair flow down her shoulders. This excited *Shedad*'s surprise. What has happened to this wretch, he exclaimed, that you feel

so much affection and tenderness? Loose his bands, said Semerah, and I will relate the whole story to you. Tell me, said he, and I will release him. Then she told Shedad all that *Antar* had done; how he alone had attacked seventy horsemen, and had driven them back in confusion and despair, and had secured in safety all their families and children. Then Semerah repeated these verses:—“‘O *Shedad*, hadst thou seen me, my face uncovered and my person carried off behind the warriors, and the women of Prince *Cais* in dismay, no resource at hand, and their veils trailing on the surface of the earth. *Ibla* too! they mounted her behind a warrior, whilst her tears streamed down her cheeks. The slaves whom I encouraged, fled; every one fled, all trembling in affright. Our families surrounded us weeping in anguish and in misery. Our camels were driven away, and every heart was distracted. Then *Antar* plunged into the midst of them; into the black rolling dust; the atmosphere was involved in darkness, and the birds sunk motionless; their horsemen fled through fear: this one was slain, that made captive; he protected us. After he had comforted us all, he pursued them, and the honour of them all was destroyed. O it is right I should respect him; protect him; my honour he protected, and he preserved the honour of us all.’ ‘Semerah’s account of *Antar*’s actions astonished *Shedad*, and he rejoiced and was glad. It is surprising, said he to himself, he kept all this secret, and his submission to be bound by me! ‘tis most wonderful! *Antar* stood unconcerned, and listened to Semerah’s acknowledgments; and *Shedad* came up to him, and released him, and begged his pardon,’ &c.

Another scene of the same kind, but displaying, in a still more remarkable manner, the peerless strength and valour of *Antar*, occurs not long after this. King *Zoheir* himself has gone out with all his warriors to attack the rival tribe of *Cahtan*. That tribe, however, happen to be on their march to attack *Zoheir*, and the two armies miss each other by the way. *Antar*, in spite of all the heroism he had formerly displayed, is still, from feelings of Arab pride, kept in the station of a slave by his father *Shedad*, and he has not therefore gone forth with the freemen to battle. He is at home, as of old, tending the cattle, when the enemy approaches the tents of *Zoheir* and his tribe. “*He received them as the dry dust receiveth the first drops of rain.*” He defends the women and the wealth of the king, and puts the *Cahtanians* to flight. On his return, King *Zohier*, understanding what has occurred, clothes *Antar* in a robe of honour, mounts him upon a fine horse, and entertains him at table “till the

wine sported with their senses.” Notwithstanding all this, however, *Shedad* still refuses to acknowledge *Antar* as his son, and so to elevate him above his servile condition. The hero, unable any longer to endure this indignity, goes by night to the tent of his benefactor Prince *Malik*, and having bid him farewell, he mounts his horse, and rides out into the desert to seek his fortune for himself, in the true style of “*Cableria Andantesca*.”

He meets a small party of his own tribe, marauding in the wilderness, and joining himself to them, his superior skill and valour soon secure to him the place of captain. A rich *Howdah*, travelling with a royal bride through the plain, forms their first booty. The second is a horse of unrivalled lineage and grace—the illustrious *Abjer*, thenceforth the inseparable companion of all the adventures of *Antar*. “His hoofs,” says our narrative, “were as flat as beaten coin; when he neighed, he seemed about to speak, and his ears were like quills. His sire was *Wasil*, and his dam *Hemema*.” Mounted on this horse, armed with the unconquerable Indian sword *Dhami*, and animated with the love of *Ibla*, nothing can resist the prowess of *Antar*. After a variety of adventures in the desert, he is engaged in the most cruel of all his battles with the tribe of *Maan*, when his friend Prince *Malik*, arrives by accident in the field, and is the witness of his victory. The joy and gratitude of *Antar*, on this meeting, are as enthusiastic as his valour had been. The prince insists that *Antar* should return with him to the king his father, and our hero consents. They are proceeding on their journey homeward, when *Antar*’s passion seizing him, he thus exclaims :

“When the breezes blow from Mount *Sadi*, their freshness calms the fire of my love and transports. Let my tribe remember I have preserved their faith; but they feel not my worth, & preserve not their engagements with me. Were there not a maid settled in the tents, why should I prefer their society to absence? Slimly made is she, and the magic influence of her eye preserves the bones of a corpse from entering the tomb. The sun as it sets, turns towards her, and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou rise in my absence; and the brilliant moon calls out to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when

I am at the full, and in all my glory ! The Tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and the eve, and say, Away, thou wan ing beauty, thou form of the laurel ! she turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft fresh cheeks. She draws her sword from the glances of her eyelashes, sharp and penetrating as the blade of her forefathers, and with it her eyes commit murder, though it be sheathed : is it not surprising that a sheathed sword should be so sharp against its victims ! Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The damsel passes the night with musk under her veil, and its fragrance is increased by the still fresher essence of her breath. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets, night itself is driven away. When she smiles, between her teeth is a moisture composed of wine, of rain, and of honey. Her throat complains of the darkness of her necklaces. Alas ! alas ! the effects of that throat and that necklace ! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace, that would cure my heart of the sorrows of love ? If my eye could see her baggage camels, and her family, I would rub my cheeks on the hoofs of her camels. I will kiss the earth where thou art ; mayhap the fire of my love and ecstacy may be quenched. Shall thou and I ever meet as formerly on Mount Saadi ? or will the messenger come from thee to announce thy meeting, or will he relate that thou art in the land of Nejd ? Shall we meet in the land of Shureba and Hima, and shall we live in joy and in happiness ? I am the well known *Antar*, the chief of his tribe, and I shall die : but when I am gone, history shall tell of me."

As they draw near the tents of Zoheir, they meet with *Shedad*. On seeing him approach, *Antar* immediately dismounts, and kneels before him. His father, struck with admiration of his heroism and his piety, kisses him between the eyes, and they walk home in peace. The women receive him with acclamations of joy, " and none more than *Ibla*."

In the morning, however, his father's jealousy returns, and he refuses to elevate *Antar* to the rank of a freeman. His passion for *Ibla*, in like manner, procures for him nothing but ridicule from the father of that damsel ; and *Antar* soon begins to feel, that, after all he has done, a hero, like a prophet, is without honour in his own country. To whatever his father commands, he submits ; and such is the force of parental spleen, that he finds himself once more compelled to tend the camels and the sheep. While he is thus meanly

occupied, his father's tents are once more surrounded by a party of hostile Arabs, and a bloody combat ensues, in which the invaders have greatly the advantage. *Antar* refuses to take any share in the conflict. " Ye have refused me the name of son," says he ; " I am but a herdsman slave ; it is not for me to fight with the warriors of Yemen." At last, when all hope of safety for their own existence is extinguished in the breast of his father and his kinsmen, they fall at the feet of *Antar*, and pray him to assist them this once upon whatever condition he himself pleases to assign. The rank of a freeman, and *Ibla*, are the boons he asks ; and both being granted, the hero once more mounts *Abjer*, and scatters the enemy " like chaff before the wind." But the faithless father of his mistress repents him, when in safety, of the promise he had made in the hour of his danger. He contrives to defer the fulfilment of his engagement from day to day, in the hope that some rival wooer may arrive, capable of carrying matters with a high hand towards *Antar*. This wooer at last arrives, in the person of *Amarah*, an Arab prince, who offers a dower so magnificent, that it quite dazzles the understanding of *Ibla*'s father, viz : " A thousand he and she camels, and a thousand sheep, and twenty *Ooshareevi* camels, and twenty horses of the noblest breed, and a hundred silk robes, and fifty satin garments spangled rich in gold, and twenty strings of the finest jewels, and a hundred skins of wine for the feast, and a hundred male, and as many female slaves." This proposal is made in presence of king Zoheir, and *Antar* hears it patiently to the end. He then bursts forth :—

" Thou he-goat of a man---thou refuse !---thou villain ! Dost thou at such a time as this demand *Ibla* in marriage ? thou coward, did not I demand her when she was in the midst of twelve thousand warriors, waving their bone-cleaving swords, and thou and thy brother were flying among the rocks and the wilds ? I then descended—I exposed my life in her dangers, and liberated her from the man that had captured her ; but, now that she is in the tent of her father and mother, thou wouldest demand her ! By the faith of an illustrious Arab, thou dastard, if thou dost not give up thy pretensions to *Ibla*, I will bring down perdition upon thee, and

**I will curse thy relations and thy parents, and I will make the hour of thy wedding an hour of evil tiding to thyself and thy posterity!"**

Zoheir interferences to prevent bloodshed, and Ibla's relations having renewed their promise to *Antar*, the evening is again concluded in feasting, "till the wine sports with them." Next morning it is suggested to Ibla's father and brother, that by craft they may perhaps succeed in putting an end to the proposals of *Antar*. They call upon him, and ask of him, by way of dower to Ibla, a thousand *Asafeer* camels, "that she may boast of them." *Antar*, in ignorance of the nature of these animals, agrees to the request; but, on inquiry, he soon begins to understand the trick which has been played upon him; for they told him that "the camels were in the kingdom of *Monzar*, the king of the princes of the Arabs, and the lieutenant of *Chosroe Nushirvan*, whose armies are innumerable."

"Uncle, said he, I will give you these camels loaded with the treasures of their masters; but give me your hand, and betroth me to your daughter, and thus shew me the purity of your intentions. So *Malik* gave him his hand, and a fire blazed in his heart. *Antar's* joy was excessive, his bosom heaved, and he was all delight--he started on his feet--he took off his clothes, and put them on his uncle; and Ibla saw *Antar's* arms, and smiled. What art thou smiling at, fair damsel? said *Antar*. At those wounds, she replied; for were they on the body of any other person, he would have died, and drank the cup of death and annihilation: but thou art unhurt by them. Her words descended to his heart cooler than the purest water, and he thus addressed her:

"The pretty Ibla laughed when she saw I was black, and that my ribs were scratched with the spears. Do not laugh nor be astonished when the horsemen and armies surround me. The spear-barb is like death in my hand, and on it are various figures traced in blood. I am indeed surpris'd how any one can see my form in the day of contests, and survive."

Next morning *Antar* mounts *Abjer*, and sets off on this perilous journey. He meets at eventide with an old shiekh.

"An old man was walking along the ground, and his face almost touched his knees. So I said to him, why art thou thus stooping? He said, as he waved his hands towards me, my youth is lost somewhere on the ground, and I am stooping in search of it."

This venerable person welcomes him with "a cup of milk cooled in the wind (which, by the way, is no bad method

of cooling better liquor than milk), and instructs him touching the road to the land of *Hirah*, where the precious camels are alone to be found. *Antar*, after a vast variety of adventures, comes upon the immense horde, and separates with his spear, a thousand camels, compelling the slaves to drive them before him. After three hours, his march is stopped by a prodigious army, headed by the lieutenant of *King Monzar*. Their numbers present no obstacle to the irresistible *Absian*, and he is "wiping *Dhami*" upon them, when, by a sudden stumble of *Abjer*, he is thrown on the ground. He recovers himself in a twinkling, and is proceeding in his work of slaughter, till his foot slips upon a bald skull he had just cut off. His enemies leap upon him in scores, and he is bound all over in fetters before he is able to arise. He is now led before *King Monzar* himself, who at once perceives that he has to deal with no common person, and converses with him with some affability. While they are yet talking, a lion rushes upon the host, and so prodigious is the strength of this furious animal that every thing shrinks before him, and the plain is "like red leather, deep scarlet in hue." *Antar* immediately proposes to encounter this monster, and the king consents. The guards relax the bonds of his arms, and are about to untie his feet also, but this *Antar* refused, saying, "leave them bound as they are, that there may be no retreat from the lion."

"It was an immense lion, of the size of a camel, with broad nostrils and long claws; his face was wide, and ghastly was his form; his strength swelling; he grinned, with his teeth clenched like a vice, and the corners of his jaws were like grappling irons. When the lion beheld *Antar* in his fetters, he crouched to the ground, and extended himself out; his mane bristled up; he made a spring at him: and as he approached, *Antar* met him with his sword, which entered by his forehead, and penetrated through him, issuing out at the extremity of his back bone. O by *Abs* and *Abnam*! cried *Antar*, I will ever be the lover of Ibla. And the lion fell down, cut in twain, and cleft into two equal portions; for the spring of the lion, and the force of the arm of the glorious warrior, just met."

This feat establishes him in high favour with *Monzar*, and he continues to be with him in all his wars, fighting by

his side, and performing, on every occasion, prodigies of valour. Among other things, there occurs a great quarrel between Monzar and the great king of Persia, Chosroe Nushirvan, whose tributary he is. The actions of *Antar*, by this means, become well known at the court of Chosroe.

The quarrel between the monarch and his dependant still continues, when there arrives at the court of Chosroes a Greek knight, by name Badhramoot. It had been the custom of *Cæsar* to send every year costly presents to the Persian,

"But one day Badhramoot came to the Emperor, and found him sitting down, and all his treasures before him; he was selecting the best metals and jewels, and was putting them in cups, and was sealing them up, and was packing them up in boxes, and was preparing them for a long journey by land. Badhramoot was much agitated and surprised at this. To whom do you intend sending this treasure? he asked. To Chosroe Nushirvan, the lord of the crown and palace, replied the Emperor; for he is the King of Persia and Deelem, and the ruler of nations. O monarch, this King, is he not of the religion of Jesus, the son of Mary? the chief asked. He is the great King, he replied, and he worships fire; and he has armies and allies, whose numbers are incalculable, and on this account I send him tribute, and keep him away from my own country.

"At these words the light became darkness in Badhramoot's eyes. By your existence, O King, said he, I cannot allow any one to adore aught but the Messiah, in this world. We must wage a sacred war, and have a crusade against the inhabitants of that land and those cities. How can you submit to this disgrace and indignity, and humble yourself to a worshipper of fire; you who are the Emperor of the religion of the Cross, and the Priest's gown? I swear by him who withdrew a dead body from the earth, and breathed into clay, and there came forth birds and beasts, I will not permit you to send these goods and presents, unless I go also against those people, and fight them with the sword's edge. I will engage the armies of Chosroe and exert my strength against them; if I am slain, then you may stand to your covenant."

Badhramoot accordingly arrives at Modayin, with the presents, and offers forthwith to deliver them into the hands of Chosroe, provided that prince can produce a knight superior to himself, in the warlike exercises of his profession. If no such person can be found, he will retain the presents, and return with them to Antioch.—His proposal is immediately accepted by Nushirvan, and a space being marked out for the combat,

day after day, for many successive days, the Greek knight engages and baffles all the chosen warriors of Persia. The Great King is sadly dispirited by the fate of his chivalry, and is about to dismiss the Greek in despair, when his vizier advises him to write to King Monzar; for, said he, "in such emergencies, the horsemen of Hijaz are most renowned, but our horsemen, O king of the world, are only famed for magnificent entertainments." The hostilities still subsisting between Monzar and his Sovereign, render Chosroe very unwilling to adopt this proposal; but the continued misfortunes of some days more, subdue his spirit, and he at last allows the vizier to write to Monzar. "Come hither," said he, "without delay, and let there be no answer but the putting your foot in the stirrup."

The Arabian King is very glad to have his quarrel accommodated in such a flattering manner, and he immediately obeys the mandate, taking with him all his chosen warriors, and *Antar*, "the horseman of the age," by his side. The Greek Knight had fought one entire day with Bahram, the last and noblest of all the warriors of Nushirvan, and although he has not slain or wounded him, yet when evening separated them, the advantage was still visibly on the side of the stranger. The King commands *Antar* to be the combatant of the succeeding day, an arrangement with which the Greek and the Arabian are alike delighted.

"Then *Antar* rushed down upon the Grecian like a cloud, and the Greek met him like a blazing fire. They engaged like two lions; they maddened at each other like two camels, and they dashed against each other like two mountains, so that they frightened every eye with their deeds. A dust rose over them that hid them from the sight for two hours. The Greek perceived in *Antar* something beyond his capacity, and a sea where there was no rest; he was terrified and agitated and exclaimed--by the Messiah and his disciples! this biscuit is not of the same leaven--this is the hour of contention; and now is the time for struggle and exertion. So he shouted and roared at *Antar*, and attacked him with his spike-pointed spear, and dealt him a furious thrust; but *Antar* eluded it by a dexterous movement, and struck him with the heel of his lance under the arm, and made him totter on the back of his horse; and he almost hurl'd him on the ground; but Badhramoot, with infinite intrepidity, sat

firm on his horse's back, and galloped to the further part of the plain. *Antar* waited patiently till he had recovered, and his spirit was renewed, when he returned upon him like a ferocious lion, and recommenced the conflict.

"King *Monzar* was highly gratified at the deeds of *Antar*, and felt convinced that he was only sparing him, and dallying with him, and that had he wished to kill him, he would have done it. But the Monarch was perfectly astonished at *Antar*'s courage; and turning to his attendants, said to them---By the essence of fire, this is indeed horsemanship and intrepidity. Never have I remarked such but in an Arab! And he advanced towards the field of battle, that he might observe what passed between these dreadful combatants, and that he might see how the affair would terminate.

"Now *Bahram*, when he perceived that *Antar* was superior to himself in strength, and was mightier than the Greek in the conflict, felt assured that he would obtain the promised reward; so he was seized with the disease of envy, which preyed in flames upon his heart and his body, particularly when he heard that *Antar* had slain the son of his uncle; then he resolved to betray *Antar*, and make him drink of the cup of perdition. So he waited till both were involved in dust, when he drew from under his thigh a dart more deadly than the misfortunes of the age; and when he came near *Antar* he raised his arm and aimed at him the blow of a powerful hero. It started from his hand like a spark of fire: but *Antar* was quick of mind, and his eyes were continually turning to the right and to the left, for he was amongst a nation that were not of his own race, and that put him on his guard, and he instantly perceived *Bahram* as he aimed his dart at him; and then casting away his spear out of his hand, he caught the dart in the air with his heaven-endowed force and strength, and rushing at the Greek, and shouting at him with a paralysing voice, he struck him with that very dart in the chest, and it issued out quivering like a flame through his back; then wheeling round *Abjer*, like a frightful lion he turned down upon *Bahram*; but *Chosroe*, terrified lest *Antar* should slay *Bahram*, cried out to his attendants---Keep off *Antar* from *Bahram*, or he will kill him, and pour down annihilation upon him. So the warriors and the satraps hastened after the dreadful *Antar*, and conducted him to *Chosroe*, and as the foam burst from his lips, and his eye-balls flashed fire, he dismounted from *Abjer*, and thus spoke:

"May God perpetuate thy glory and happiness, and mayest thou ever live in eternal bliss! O thou king mighty in power, and the source of justice on every occasion! I have left *Badrhamoot* prostrate on the sands---wallowing in blood. At the thrust of my spear he fell dead, and his flesh is the prey of the fowls of the air. I left the gore spouting out from him like the stream on the day of the copious rain. I am the terrible warrior; renowned is my name, and I protect my friend from every peril. Should Caesar himself oppose thee, O King, and come against thee with his countless host, I will leave him dead with his companions. True and unvarnished is this promise. O King,

sublime in honours---illustrious and happy, thou art now my firm refuge, and my stay in every crisis. Be kind then, and grant me leave to go to my family, and to prepare for my departure: for my anxiety, and my passion for the noble-minded, brilliant-faced *Ibla* are intense. Hail for ever---be at peace---live in everlasting prosperity, surrounded by joys and pleasures!"

Soon after the narration of this exploit, the present translation closes. *Antar* is left returning towards his own country, loaded with honours and gifts, by *Nushirvan*, and intent on at last receiving the great reward of all his heroism in the embrace of *Ibla*. We would hope Mr. Hamilton's diligence may be such as to enable us, ere long, to lay before our readers an abstract of his ulterior progress.

In the meantime, even the short and imperfect account which we have given, will furnish some idea of the species of amusement to be met with in this very novel publication. We forbear, for the present, entering into any critical disquisition concerning its merits, satisfied that a few extracts will be more instructive than any remarks we could offer; and satisfied, moreover, that the book itself will soon be universally in the hands of old and young. One remark, however, we shall hazard, and this is, that *Antar* is the only considerable work of fiction of Arabic origin, which our readers have in their possession. It is long since M. Langles asserted his belief that the tales of *the thousand and one nights* are not original in the Arabic, from which we have received them, but translations from the old Persian or *Pelhevi*. This hypothesis has been adopted by the great Orientalist of our time, Von Hammer, in his history of Persian poetry; a most important work, of which we shall soon give some account to our readers. Were any thing wanting to confirm the opinion of these scholars, it might be found abundantly in the contrast presented by *Antar* to the *Arabian Nights*. The simplicity of scenery and action, and the almost total absence of supernatural agency on the one side, compared with the endless richness and pomp, the exquisitely artificial intrigues, and the perpetual genii, talismans, and sorcerers, on the other;

all these circumstances, and a thousand minor ones, which the reader will easily gather, even from the limited extracts we have given, are sufficient to show incontestibly that the two works, though written in the same beautiful dialect, and perhaps much about the same time, belong in truth to two several nations, differing widely from each other in faith, in laws, in modes of life, and in character.

It is the highest compliment which can be paid to *Thalaba*, that it looks as

if it were merely a more polished strain, framed for the same ear, which had been long accustomed to the story of *Antar*. Our perusal of this real Bedoueen story has vastly increased our love for that most exquisite and most characteristic of all Mr. Southey's poems; because it has satisfied us of its perfect fidelity. No man of high original genius ever possessed the power of imitation in the same measure as Mr. Southey. His genius seems to become intensely infused into his imitation.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

### THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XVII.

#### THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Was ne'er before in Scotland seen  
Sic dauncing and deray ;  
Neither at Falkland on the green,  
Nor Peebles at the play.—*King James.*

O ! these were the joys of our dancing days,  
*Old Song.*

“ **W**HERE were you last night ? ” said I to Lady Lewisburn, “ that you disappointed the Blue-stock- ing party ? ” ‘ I was at a children's ball, answered she, ‘ where I was more stupefacted than I can describe. Can any thing be more unamusing, except to foolish papas and mammas, or to the second childhood of doting grand-papas and grand-mammas, than to behold a parcel of little puppets popping about in a maze, practising all their dancing- school steps, or aping grown people in the languishing graces of the waltz, or in the display of elasticity and graceful attitude in the quadrille ? There was that old-fashioned stunted plant Lord Lilliput, and that miniature flirt Lady Jemima, sailing through the Queen of Prussia's waltz ; whilst old Omnium the banker's daughters danced together, and showed off as many oper- ational changes and attitudes as if they had actually practised on the stage. Then the admiration of parents, and the insincere compliments of flatterers, all bestowed upon these spoilt epitomes of nature, are quite preposterous. Half of these chits would have been better at

school, or in the nursery, than hurting their health by late hours at a ball. Moreover many a young woman might have supplied their place ; and as to dancing with them, or after them, that is quite out of time and season. To dance with them is uninteresting, and to dance after them is disadvantageous and disgusting ; for the little devils take such pains, that their exhibition beats a grown person as to the mere correctness of dancing. Besides, they dance for dancing sake.’

Little devils ! said I to myself. This is indeed the language of envy. ‘ It is really bad taste to give these juvenile hops,’ continued she, ‘ although it be copied from very high authority. It looks as if some folks were growing childish ; indeed our taste is so deteriorating, that half our amusements are fitter for boarding-schools than for an assemblage of nobility and people of fashion.’

In vain I represented that one cele- brated author had declared that “ men are but children of a larger growth,” and that another favourite poet says, “ Delightful task ! to teach the young idea how to shoot ! ” ‘ Stuff and non- sense,’ cried she, ‘ let them then spin a top, or shoot with a bow and arrow, but not be intruded into the assemblies of their seniors. Is it not ridiculous for us grown people to be going to see Mother Goose, Tom Thumb, Old Mo- ther Hubbard, and such like infantine fooleries ; or to mis-spend our time at

pantomimes and at rope-dancings? and is it not equally absurd for children to be making a noise at a round game at a rout, where deep play is going on, or to be showing off their little airs and graces in the gay quadrille or voluptuous waltz? There they can learn nothing which they ought to know; they can see nothing but bad example.'

"This assertion," said I, "recoils upon ourselves." "Stuff and nonsense!" again exclaimed her Ladyship. "What is very well for us to do, is highly improper for them. A little flirting—even a little love-making, with a match in view, is not so much amiss, in the meridian of attraction and in high life; but how improper is even the witnessing of either for the inhabitants of the nursery or of the school. I was quite disgusted," concluded she, "last night, both with their affectation and with their parents' greater folly."

"Do not my children quite make me look old?" drawled out the Marchioness, whose grand-children were capering about; "what a disadvantage to marry early!" whilst Lady Laurel seemed as much pleased at her brats as if nobody had a family besides herself. She considers herself as an evergreen; but I must confess that I think her charms so little worth preserving, that her fading is no disadvantage whatever. The declining Peer too! what a fool! he came up to me with his handsome boy, and said, "Do you really think," laying a very strong emphasis on the reality of the thought, "that George Henry is very like me?" Not in the smallest degree, replied I; which besides being the truth, was the most mortifying thing I could have uttered. Then there were mothers proud to have their pretty children like them, forgetting that what may pass in a child, may grow up

into plainness; and others lending all their ears to the voice of sycophancy or delusion, which whispered to them, "None of your children will be half so handsome as yourself." Such trash! I have no patience with them: I never was more annoyed in my life.—Lady Helen gives another of these juvenile treats next week; but it is the very last children's party at which they shall catch me."

Here she concluded.—I acknowledge that there is some truth in her observations as to the injury done to youth, by witnessing too soon (and it is almost always too soon) the scenes of dissipation in high life, and by mingling at an early age with the votaries of pleasure; since early impressions are so strong, and since it is so natural for the younger to ape the older, and for the inferior ranks to imitate their superiors. The motives, however, for giving such entertainments cannot be questioned. They always arise out of parental tenderness, the love of children in general (an amiable quality), or complaisance towards our friends and acquaintances; and the fete of this kind given by an illustrious Personage, appears to me in the most estimable point of view. But the fact is, that her Ladyship did not give a dispassionate opinion on the subject, for it was from having been neglected at the juvenile ball, that she conceived such an unconquerable hatred for every thing of the kind. Besides, her Ladyship's autumn is passing away, and her views of the scenes of life are widely different to what they were at an earlier and a less severe season, when she might have entertained hopes of providing subjects for such spectacles, and when it was not necessary to look upon as an old bachelor,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

## RICH'S SECOND MEMOIR ON THE RUINS OF BABYLON.\*

From the *Literary Gazette*.

WHEN the first edition of the former of these works was pub-

\* Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon. By Claudius James Rich, Esq. Resident for the Hon. East India Company at the Court of the Pasha of Bagdat. Third Edition. London, 1818. Second Memoir, &c. By the same.

lished three or four years ago, we were highly pleased with its contents. The study of antiquities and antiquarian researches has been too often with justice called *dry*; and yet when the object is

worthy of a painful examination, when not only curiosity is gratified, but results important to the history of mankind, and even to the illustration of divine truths, are to be gathered, as the reward of such labours, it is not in the nature of things that such a subject, rightly investigated, can be either tedious or uninteresting. For these volumes we can truly vouch that they are altogether the reverse. Babylon attracts us by the very sound of its name, and all that is stupendous in the productions of human power, all that is venerable from age, all that is wonderful for art and ingenuity, all that is interesting from the association of ideas, seem to be concentrated in an inquiry embracing that mighty city, its ancient prodigies and modern ruins.

The first Memoir was originally published in an excellent Journal, conducted by Mr. Hammer, at Vienna, and entitled *The Mines of the East*, (*Mines de l'Orient*); and it will be necessary for us to take a concise view of its most memorable facts, and of the theory it maintains, before we proceed to the analysis of its successor. Mr. Rich's residence at Bagdat, afforded him the best of opportunities to explore the site of the Capital of the Assyrian Empire, now so lost amid the wreck of years, that even the place of its existence is a question of doubt and uncertainty. Alas!

that the contrivers of the measure of time should be doomed to such oblivion; and the most glorious works of those who divided the year into its months, and invented the Zodiac itself, should partake so little of the immortality imagined for them, as to be, in the lapse of a few centuries, confounded with the common natural phenomena of mountain and valley. What a lesson to human ambition!—the builders of the pyramids are not surely known—the tower of Babel, which, from its immensity, was said to be raised against heaven, has only a disputed record on earth!

*Hilla*, which presents such strong and almost indisputable claims to be considered as the remains of Babylon, is about forty-eight miles from Bagdat. The perfectly flat country between, and around the former, is occupied by Zobeide Arabs, whose Sheikh is responsible to the Pasha of Bagdat for the safety of travellers on the road.

*Hilla* is a place of from 6000 to 7000 inhabitants, almost entirely Arabs and Jews; there being no Christians, and the Turks having no population there beyond the number employed in the government. It is seated on the Euphrates, which is here about 450 feet broad. The principal structures of ancient Babylon are rather to be conjectured at than traced; but the whole face of the country is covered with vestiges of buildings, in some places consisting of brick walls surprisingly fresh, in others merely of a vast succession of mounds of rubbish, of such indeterminate figures, variety, and extent, as to involve theory in inextricable confusion. Among these mounds, however, are two of such prodigious bulk as to impress, at first sight, the idea that they are the wreck of the greatest edifices of the oldest Empire in the world.

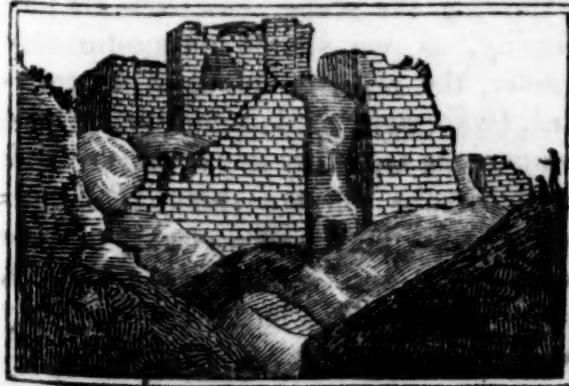


#### THE MUJELIBE,\*

situated on the east bank of the Euphrates, on which side nearly all the ruins, and especially those of the KASR, held to be the Pa-

lace, lie, had heretofore been generally considered to be the once mighty temple of Jupiter Belus, the inventor of astronomy, and synonymous with the tower of Babel, which the descendants of Noah erected on the plains of Shinaar. Benjamin of Tudela, who first revived the remembrance of these ruins, was held to be of this opinion, and it passed current from his time. The second mound, which Mr. Rich contends for, is situated on the east of the river, and at so considerable a distance from the mass of the other architectural vestiges, as to touch the bounds assigned to Babylon by ancient writers, incredible as these limits appear to be. It is called the

\* Mukallibe, but pronounced as above, Mujelibe, or Overturned, by the vulgar Arabs.



## BIRS NEMROUD.



*Birs Nemroud*, and though of astonishing size, has only been noticed by Père Emmanuel, and Niebuhr. The Mujelibè is 141, and the Birs Nemroud 198 feet high; and both present the appearance of buildings. The total circumference of the four sides of the Birs is 2286 feet; of the Mujelibè 2111 feet; ---and of the tower of Belus, according to the ancient accounts, taking 500 feet for the stadium, about 2000 feet; so that either of the mounds, with respect to measurement agrees, very nearly with that building.

Though it has been the received opinion that this celebrated tower stood in the eastern quarter of Babylon, it does not appear to be positively so stated either by Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, Quintus Curtius, or Diodorus, though an ambiguous expression of the latter writer has been construed to favour that position. Should the Birs Nemroud, on the other hand, prove to be the remains of Belus, we must exclude the Mujelibè, or hold that it was at one extremity of the city and the Birs at the other, and that Babylon was an extended square of nine miles on each side.

There is no trace whatever of the arch in these ruins. The general size of the kiln-burnt brick used, is 13 inches square, by three thick: there are some of half these dimensions, and a few of different shapes for particular purposes. They are of several colours; white, approached more or less to a yellowish cast, which is the finest sort; red, like our ordinary brick; and some of a blackish cast and very hard. The sun-dried brick is considerably larger, and looks like a thick clumsy clod of earth. The cements are, bitumen, mortar, and clay.

Such is the substance of Mr. Rich's first Memoir,\* which may be considered rather as calling the attention of the learned to an important object hitherto insufficiently noticed, than as advancing a hypothesis to which that gentleman was pertinaciously attached. Major Rennel, however, whose opinion is deservedly of so much weight on such

questions, having published some remarks in the *Archaeologia*, in refutation of the Author's propositions, the latter has been induced to defend them in a second Memoir, at which we heartily rejoice, since it has brought forward many new and curious facts of deep and general interest. To the consideration of these we now proceed, and shall waste very few words on the controversial parts of the subject. But we may briefly state, that

The sum of Major Rennel's argument is as follows: The Euphrates divided Babylon into two equal parts; one palace, with the Tower of Belus, stood on the east of it, and the other immediately opposite it, on the west,---each occupying central situations in their respective divisions; or rather, the palaces and temples together formed the central point of the city, and were separated from each other by the river. Now, in my (Mr. Rich's) account of the ruins, it is said that there are no remains on the western bank; therefore the river must formerly have run through the ruins described by me, on the eastern side, so as to have divided them into two equal portions. But there are certain mounds laid down in my plan, which shew that the river could not have run in that direction. These mounds must consequently be referred to a town of more recent construction, of whose existence Major Rennel acknowledges we have no other evidence.

Upon this our Author argues generally, and we think very successfully, both from his advantages in personally exploring the scene, and from his preferring, as we should unquestionably prefer, the representations of Herodotus, (who went to Babylon, and whose statements are every day acquiring fresh authority, as modern research enables us to appreciate their accuracy,) to those of Ctesias and his copier Diodorus, whom Aristotle declared to be unworthy of belief:—

\* Three plates, 1. Of the Eastern ruins; 2 and 3. Views of the Mujelibè, Birs Nemroud, and Kasr, on each of their four faces.

That it is no where stated whether the Tower of Belus was on the east or west of the Euphrates; that its position in the centre of the city, or even in one of its divisions, is by no means clearly made out; and that while the description of the best ancient author involves no difficulties, the only particulars which embarrass us are supported by the sole testimony of the worst.

Major Rennel, presuming that the Mujelibè is the Tower or Temple of Belus, reduces every thing else to that centre, and supposes a change of course in the river to uphold his theory. This Mr. Rich contradicts, from a survey of the ground, and from the improbability of such a change taking place. He also objects to the later town, supposed to have been built by Major R. Such a town, if built at all, would not have been built in the midst of ruins, where the Major plants it. We must refer to the publication for the more minute details of this argument; and acquit ourselves of our promise to record some of the remarkable facts brought forward by Mr. Rich.

The burnt bricks of which the ruins are principally composed, and which have inscriptions on them in the cuneiform character, only found in Babylon and Persepolis,\* are all invariably placed in a similar manner, viz. with their faces or written sides downwards. The buildings, it thus appears, were erected when the bricks were made, for when they are found in more modern constructions, such as Bagdat or Hilla, they are placed indifferently without regard to the writing. This in itself is almost proof that these are the ruins of Babylon, since, if the city had been Mahometan or Christian, fragments of inscriptions would have been met with in the Coatic or Stranghelo. Sepulchral urns, filled with ashes and small pieces of bones, have also been found in the Kasr; and in the northern face of the Mujelibè, a gallery filled with skeletons inclosed in wooden coffins, was discovered by Mr. Rich. Neither of these modes of burial have been practised since the introduction of Islamism, and they consequently establish the antiquity of the buildings at a date prior to that event. These discoveries are rendered more interesting, as we have no reason to suppose that the Babylonians burned their dead; the old Persians we know never did. It is not therefore impossible that the two different kinds of burial may indicate the several usages of the Babylonians and Greeks, and that the urns may contain the ashes of the soldiers of Alexander and his successors.

The Birs Nemroud is called *Brouss* by M. Beauchamp. Benjamin of Tudela says, the

Tower of Belus was destroyed by fire from heaven, and it is curious that the summit of the Birs present immense vitrified masses, evidently the result of fire. It is now probably in almost the same state in which Alexander saw it; if we give credit to the report, that ten thousand men could only remove the rubbish, preparatory to repairing it, in two months.

From the Appendix to Mr. Rich's Memoir, we are induced to hope for much further information respecting the antiquities of the part of the world in which he sojourns. He promises a Memoir on *Nineveh* (the modern *Mousoul*,) where an immense block of stone, on which was sculptured a man on horseback, with a long lance in his hand, followed by many others, on foot,\* and animals, was recently found and destroyed; but precautions have been taken to prevent such accidents in future, and preserve the monuments of antiquity, such as the above, cylinders, &c. which are occasionally dug up. In the same manner Hilla is made the general dépôt for antiquities found throughout the country, and especially on the banks of the Euphrates, from Raka to Samarva. Of these we are told,

The most interesting are the Sassanian and Babylonian. Many of the latter contain specimens of the very curious and primitive system of writing found only in the Babylonian monuments, and those of Persia in the first period of its history, previous to the Macedonian conquests, and rejecting the romances of Ferdusi. The *cuneiform*, (i. e. *wedge-form*,) or, as it has been called, the *arrow-headed* character, has heretofore baffled every attempt at deciphering it; but within these few years, Dr. Grotefend, of Frankfort has made some progress in devising a key to this mystery. Should he ultimately succeed entirely in his difficult and laborious task, as he has already in translating some of the inscriptions on the ruins of Persepolis, and one from those of Pasargadae, we may expect extraordinary intelligence from the buried world of the most ancient times. Dr. Grotefend observes, that there are three varieties of those inscriptions, distinguished from each other by the greater complication of the characters formed by the radical signs of a wedge (or arrow) and an angle.† Each inscription is repeated in

\* This seems almost a description of the Persepolitan antiquities of Mr. Morier.

† On a close examination of further specimens sent to him, this learned person states his opinion in a letter, that these three species are only varieties of different modes of writing the same characters, and that there is in fact but one real kind of Babylonian cuneiform writing. This is more consonant to reason than the theory of three distinct combinations of characters.—*Ed.*

\* In our review of Morier's Second Journey, we noticed that they had also been found in ruins in the north of Persia.—*Ed.*

all the three species. The first, or simplest species, deciphered by Dr. G. of the times of Cyrus, Darius Hystaspes, and Xerxes, is in Zend, the language of Ecbatana, and there are grounds for believing that the remaining ones are translations into the language of the other capitals of the Persian empire, Susa and Babylon.

We have thought it right to mention these circumstances relating to the most ancient character of which we have any knowledge ; the origin of which is beyond the researches of the antiquarian, who is only aware that it was used by the great nations of antiquity, the Median, Persian, and Assyrian, and who conjectures that it is in all likelihood the *Assyrian writing* of Herodotus, and that which Darius Hystaspes engraved on the pillars which he set up on the banks of the Bosphorus.

From its peculiar form, it seems to have been, like the sacred character of the Egyptians, confined to lapidary inscriptions, while there must have been another mode of writing in common use. If so, it would perish with the Macedonian conquest, which left the Persians and Babylonians no monuments to erect, nor events to record. The Sassanians, the professed restorers of the ancient rites and usages of Persia, could not recal this obsolete mode of writing, lost during the long period the Greek dynasties held

the sceptre of Iran, and, accordingly, we find their coins and monuments inscribed with a character having an analogy with the Hebrew, Phenician, or Palmyrene, which has been deciphered.

Mr. Rich illustrates his excellent work with plates, representing stones and bricks found at Babylon and Nineveh, with their sculptured figures and inscriptions : also of a brass ornament found in one of the coffins in the Mujelibè Gallery, of cylinders and other antiquities which have been extracted from these ruins. These cylinders are extremely curious, from one to three inches in length, and either of stone or a sort of paste composition. One of them, dug up not long ago in the field of Marathon, is now in the possession of Mr. Fauvel, of Athens. They are principally found in the ruins of Jerbouiya, and the people of the country use them as amulets. Small figures of brass or copper are also found at Babylon, but no Babylonian coins have yet been discovered.

In taking leave of these interesting volumes, we need scarcely add, even to our imperfect analysis, that they claim the attention of the learned world, in a degree not surpassed by any modern publication of a similar nature and extent.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

MEMOIRS OF THE FIRST THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF THE LIFE OF  
JAMES HARDY VAUX,

A SWINDLER AND PICKPOCKET ; NOW TRANSPORTED FOR THE SECOND TIME AND FOR LIFE  
TO NEW SOUTH WALES. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. *London* 1819. 2 vols.

**F**AS est ab hoste doceri, says the adage ; and there are few honest persons who may not learn something useful to be known from this statement of the tricks, impositions, and frauds of a clever and intelligent swindler. The author may be recollected by many of our readers, as his Scapin exploits and trials furnished plentiful matter for the Police and Old-Bailey reports of the day. Indeed he appears to have been a very Macheath in his peculiar line ; ingenious, artful, unprincipled, enterprising, and successful. Having also

received a tolerable education, and being of an acute and observant mind, he was competent to the novel task of writing these Memoirs ; and we may certainly say, that the candid and open confessions of a person who, to use his own phrase, *lived so long upon the cross* (i. e. by thieving, in opposition to living *on the square*), are not only a desideratum to the public generally, but a literary curiosity deserving our attention.

Mr. Vaux seems to have had natural abilities which, under a better system of education, would have ensured his pros-

perity ; but, destitute of good principles from his very infancy, the perversion of his talents only rendered him a more conspicuous object of infamy than his lower associates. We do not observe a single sound moral sentiment in the whole development of the author's feelings ; but, on the other hand, there is a sort of sense of propriety which has purified his book from every indecency, we might say indelicacy, as it redeemed his career from the grossest species of profligacy and debauchery. He draws himself a liar, a swindler, a pickpocket, a thief, and even betrays a little pride and vanity in recording the ingenuity of his nefarious conceptions, the dexterity of their execution, and the adroitness with which he sometimes escaped detection ; but he is not a drunkard, a common sensualist addicted to the vilest gratifications of appetite, nor a ferocious ruffian who would endeavour to cover crime by assassination. In this manner he would wish to be viewed as little "less than an archangel fallen ;" but in truth his pretensions to merit as a rogue are only sustained by a comparison with the more ignorant and vulgar rascals of "*the family*,"\* and are not supported by intrinsic superiority of intellect, since any man utterly destitute of honesty, may find it possible to deceive tradesmen, cut pocket-books or snuff-boxes from the persons of others in crowds, levy contributions on humanity by falsehoods, and do all the drudgery of evil, till winking justice overtakes and punishes them.

But it would be tedious to expatiate on the multitude of reflections which this narrative of a guilty and chequered life suggests. They will rise in the mind of every reader in as various forms as there are numerous incidents to call them forth. One only we shall offer. The first marked inclination of young Vaux was to draw race-horses, and from indulgence in this apparently innocent childish amusement may be traced the wickedness and misery of his future destiny. From admiring their pictures, he got to admire the living animals, and

from that point to an anxiety about their feats, Newmarket, and gambling. What a lesson is this to the instructors of youth !

'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined ;' but in verity it seems impossible to guard against the growth of vice, when its first seeds are sown under so unsuspicuous a form. Another turn of the scale might have made the cheat and impostor Vaux a second Snyders, famous as an artist, instead of despised as a felon !

From the signature of "B. F—d," (which we take to be that of Barron Field, who holds a high judicial station in New South Wales) to an advertisement prefixed to the work, we have no doubt that it is a genuine performance, and shall now rapidly sketch the biography of the writer, and offer such extracts as appear to us to be most curious.

James Hardy Vaux was born in 1782. He was of a good family by the mother's side, and his father the steward of a gentleman of fortune, who withdrew from service to speculate with his savings in trade. The maternal grandfather of our subject, a Mr. Low, had been a respectable Solicitor in London, but retired to S——shire, whither he carried his favourite grandson, and gave him a very decent grammar-school education. After several plans for his future course of life were discussed, he was sent to the mercantile house of Messrs. Swan and Parker in Liverpool, who, to a large export, added a very extensive retail trade. Here he soon began to keep irregular hours and bad company ; and, being seduced to the Cockpit with his employers' money in his pocket, betted and lost what he could only pay by fraud and stealing. To these expedients he consequently had recourse, and, like all beginners in villainy, resolved to turn honest as soon as fortune enabled him to relieve his embarrassments and surmount his difficulties. But before he could carry his determination into execution, if indeed his profligacy would ever have led to that event without the shame of exposure, his embezzlements were discover-

\* The cant phrase for all those who live by fraud and robbery in London.

ed, and he was sent back to his friends in disgrace.

His next appearance is in London, where, on his grandfather's recommendation, he is received into the office of a respectable attorney, Mr. Presland, his kinsman. Ever restless and unsteady, him he quits for a wholesale stationers', Messrs. Key, Abchurch-Lane ; and while in their service begins his old trade anew, by obtaining clothes, &c. on false pretences, bilking his lodgings, and committing other depredations, till obliged to leave his place, and again seek bread as a lawyer's clerk, at a guinea per week.

By resorting nightly to the Blue Lion in Gray's Inn Lane, he forms intimacies with kindred spirits, and soon becomes an adept in the worst ways of the metropolis, though still but a boy in years. With one of his acquaintances of the Blue Lion, the discharged steward of a naval captain, he agrees to take a trip to Portsmouth, but they get no further than Kingston, where they raise money for their extravagances, by applying to the charitable as forlorn and distressed travellers ; forging the names of contributors to their sham petition ; and successfully practising all the deceipts of this species of imposition, called in their flash language, "*The letter racket.*" At many after periods Mr. Vaux pursued this system with invariable benefit to himself : a proof how great an encouragement to vice indiscriminate charity is. Some adventures, in which the constables and mayors take a part, do not prevent our hero from at length reaching Portsmouth. Here he contrives to get into the service of Mr. Moses Greetham, as an under clerk, and goes on tolerably well for a few weeks ; he is, however, dismissed for the first time for a frolic, and not for a misdemeanor, no opportunity for committing one having occurred. Having drawn the chair from under a Dutch interpreter in Mr. G's service, while at coffee, and hurting him by the fall, a complaint is made, and Mr. Vaux once more thrown upon the wide world. He returns to London, the theatre for persons of his stamp, and accidentally meeting

at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, with Mr. Kennedy, surgeon of the Astræa, so far ingratiates himself with that gentleman as to obtain (due inquiries having been made among his family and friends) a midshipman's birth in that frigate, under the command of Captain Dacres. His early disposition had pointed to a seafaring life, but a few months of Winter cruising in the Channel and North seas sickened him of the service. For greater ease, he relinquished his midshipman's appointment to become the Captain's clerk, his predecessor obtaining a Purser's warrant ; his '*weekly accounts*'\* were formally cut off by his messmates, and he behaved regularly till, on coming into Greenhithe, he again unfortunately visited London on three days' leave of absence, and the contamination of his old haunts proved too strong for his feeble integrity. He forms a connection with a cyprian, Miss K—e, deserts from his ship, and with no other means of subsistence than a few pounds in his pocket, enters full swing into this licentious amour, and sets up house-keeping with his Dulcinea. When reduced to their last shifts, the lady is reclaimed by her father and a couple of Bow-street officers, and our despairing inamorato associates with sharpers at billiards, by which means he subsists for some time. The account of the operations of the gang at the Billiard Rooms in Bow Street, Covent Garden, is curious, and persons liable to be *taken in to bet* at such places will do well to give attention to this part of the memoirs.—When the sharpers separate for the summer places of resort, Vaux, through an advertisement, engages with an attorney in the country, Mr. Dalton of Bury St. Edmund's. Here, though comfortably situated, and likely to prosper, had he but known that honesty was the best policy, he soon gave himself up to his thievish propensities. He defrauded several tradesmen, robbed his master, and decamped for London with his booty, having been absent nine weeks.

\* *The white patches on the collar of a Midshipman's coat, so called from their resemblance to a flag hoisted by the Port Admiral, requiring the weekly returns from the ships.*

This expert scoundrel was yet only 17 years of age ;—for a few weeks he lived gaily on the spoils of his excursion, and when the purse ran low, again sought employment with a conveyancer in the Temple, Mr. Preston. He was, however, traced by Mr. Dalton, and apprehended for the Bury exploit ; and only saved from public prosecution and ignominy, on account of his youth, by Mr. Presland's satisfying the accuser for all damages, and restoring such articles as could be recovered. This friend in need gave his worthless relative, in conclusion, five guineas, to carry him down to S—shire. But to return to S—shire was the furthest from his intentions. He stayed in Town, and, by a piece of complicated forgery and invention, got as a shopman into the masquerade and habit warehouse of Giffard and Co. Tavistock Street. His sole object in this, was to purloin and pilfer all he could, and abscond with the booty. In ten weeks he had by

these means realized 60*l.* and a good stock of clothes. He then played his last *ruse* ; got what money and goods he could obtain on the credit of his employers, stole and pawned, or sold to Jews at five hundred per cent. loss, what he could lay his hands on, and, finally, removed to a distant quarter of the city. Imprudently venturing to the pawnbroker's, Mr. Lane of Drury Lane, where he had pledged some of the stolen property, he was recognised and arrested. Committed to Cold Bath Fields, and thence to Newgate for trial, he had now the first taste of the bitter fruit of crime, beyond that disgrace, of which, in former instances, he seemed insensible.

But as we have now come to that period where we intend making a few extracts, and our present bounds are exhausted, we shall defer the proceedings of the court, and our own, till our next publication.

To be continued.

## M. DUPIN'S JOURNEY IN ENGLAND. CONTINUED.

From the New Monthly Magazine, 1819.

**W**E resume this interesting report. The Dock-yard of Chatham, situated like that of Sheerness, on the right bank of the Medway, is more spacious than either of the two of which I have already spoken. The naval works there are of greater extent and activity. Therein are deposited, in immense magazines, and ranged with remarkable order, all the rigging and warlike stores of the ships that are laid up or at anchor in the Medway.

The slips for ship-building that now remain are embanked with timber, as was the old custom. Altho' they have not been rebuilt within the last forty years, they were so well executed, that the wood-work is still in a good state ; while at Deptford and Woolwich, and at Sheerness in particular, the timber of the old slips is generally in a state of decay ; thus forming a striking contrast to the sumptuous solidity of the new docks.

At present they are excavating at

Chatham, the foundation of a grand building, which is to be constructed of granite and Portland stone. This is the beginning of some very extensive undertakings to be carried on during peace, in order to render the Dock-yard susceptible of more active operations in time of war.

What is most remarkable in the Dock-yard at Chatham is, the sawing apparatus established by Mr. Brunel. The place in which this business is carried on is built on an eminence in the principal part of the yard.

The mechanism of the saws is in some respects nearly the same as that of those at Woolwich. Steam is here likewise the general mover. The saws are placed in a regular edifice, of which the frame-work, by a judicious mixture of iron and timber, appears to me to be a model of its kind. This building is also from the plan of Mr. Brunel. But what particularly characterizes this establishment, and gives it an appearance

which belongs to it alone, is the whole of the operations employed to raise the timber from the surface of the river into the sawing mills, and to remove it thence, either to return it to the water, or to place it in a long park prepared for that purpose.

A subterraneous canal serves to conduct the rough wood into a basin, where the pieces are kept in reserve, as if they were sunk to the bottom of a large well. From hence they are again removed, and successively laid on a platform suspended by two iron chains. The chains pass over the top of the pond on pulleys, and on their return, hold in suspension a metallic vessel, capable of containing a great quantity of water. This water, furnished by the receiver of the steam-engine, when accumulated in the vessel in sufficient abundance, overbalances the load of wood to be raised, which then rises of its own accord to the top of the pond or pit; there it is hooked by chains suspended from a crane, of which the form is complicated, but very ingenious.

This crane, which moves longitudinally, by the action of the steam-engine, can bring and take back pieces of timber from the pond to the mills, and to other parts of the park, which are more than three hundred yards long. Two men who are conveyed on the carriage can stop it, set it going, and turn it as they please, load and unload the timber, &c. All these operations, which are performed with as much precision as facility, prove the fertility of talent of Mr. *Brunel*, the inventor of the machinery. But as to the establishment of the wells and the construction of the apparatus for raising the wood and its dependencies, it must seem evident from an attentive examination, that it would have been more simple and economical to blow up by a mine and raze the eminence in which the wells are dug, and on which are established the park and the saw works. Thus might have been spared all the power necessary for daily raising the wood to be sawn, as well as the supplies of fire and water for the steam-engine. This objection was made to me by Dr. *Wollaston*, when I was talk-

ing with that celebrated man on the subject of the sawing mills at Chatham; and I thought it worthy of his judicious mind.

It is at Chatham that Mr. *Seppings* has put in practice, for the first time, the improvements he has invented in ship-building. To attain his object, he had to triumph over those numerous and venerable axioms, consecrated by the pride of our ancestors, and religiously preserved by the self-love of their posterity; such as, that "English ships sail very well and last long enough, made as they now are; that it would be rash and unreasonable to make any innovation in such a perfect order of things, adopted by so many nations, and practised so long a time;" and dwarfs, supported on their pigmy-Herculean columns, cry out, "Lord have mercy! the art has already attained its most happy epoch, and nobody can proceed a step beyond the principles that are now established." But Mr. *Seppings* is one of those tenacious men who do not stop to argue against their system. He had powerful friends, superior to the corps of *master-shipwrights*; he therefore obtained from authority what he could not have obtained by persuasion, and rendered *per force* to the British Navy one of the most signal services it has ever received.

I have endeavoured to make known in France the real advantages of the system of Mr. *Seppings*. But I met with more obstacles than he did; and I have been less fortunate, as I have not yet triumphed over them. I gave demonstrations, but these were as useless as theory; I made calculations, and it was said that I treated of imaginary quantities: in short, when I wished to support myself by actual experiments, I was told that in England they had abandoned the system which I wished to see adopted in France.\*

\* M. *Dupin*, in a subsequent part of his volume, assigns an adequate reason for the different ways in which improvements are received in France and in England. "The French have, (says he) it must be confessed, strange ideas on science, literature and arts. They fancy that it is not less important to centralize their knowledge, and their chefs-d'œuvre, than matters of war, and the great operations of

This, however, was a falsehood. It was after this that I came to England, and there I saw, with my own eyes, in 1816, 1817, and 1818, that vessels were on the point of completion, built according to the system of Mr. *Seppings*. I saw others that were not so forward, but going on upon the same plan; in short, I saw in all the dock-yards of Great Britain the old ships built according to the ancient system brought daily into the forms of that of Mr. *Seppings*. From all these reasons, which are the substance of what I have said and written for more than two years, both in France and England, it will doubtless be supposed that Mr. *Seppings* and his sectaries regard me as one of their proselytes, and rank me amongst their adepts. Far from it! For while I acknowledge the excellence of all the improvements due to this able engineer, I maintain, with proofs in my

*their government. We had une Académie Française, it was the academy of Paris; we have une Institut de France, it is the Institute of Paris. Thus, again, in like manner, we had une Académie de Marine Française, and it was the academy of Brest." The natural tendency of true knowledge founded upon just principles, is, like that of light, to diffusion; the usual tendency, hitherto, of the knowledge cultivated in France is to illuminate only a particular spot, to which it is confined by impenetrable barriers. In this respect the French "hide their candle under a bushel." Hence it happened, that during the butchery of the French Revolution, some of the most frightful events were unknown at 70 miles from Paris nearly a month after their occurrence. Hence, also, we may account for M. Dupin's surprise on seeing excellent reflecting telescopes made by a currier of Aberdeen in his leisure hours: and on observing two nephews of a baker in the lecture-room at Anderson's Institution, Glasgow.*

hand, that long since the principle of them was known and practised among us and elsewhere. I have in vain proclaimed and defended the merit and originality of the applications of this principle; and across the channel they rank me with the detractors and antagonists of the author.

For several years past the officers of Chatham yard have subscribed to establish a school, where the young apprentices are received during the winter evenings. They are taught to read, write, and keep accounts, and instructed also, I believe, in the elements of geometry. They are admitted indiscriminately, and without paying anything; but are expelled for the first serious fault they commit, or for not being exact in their attendance. I like to notice such institutions, because they show that in England enlightened benevolence actuates the various classes of society.

About five or six years ago the government established at Chatham a practical school for the troops of engineers, sappers, miners, and pontoniers.\* The instruction given in this school, and the labours and exercises of every kind to which military men are habituated, appear to me well worthy of being known.

Concluded in our next.

\* The institution of this school is principally due to the able and meritorious exertions of Col. *Pasley*. M. *Dupin* might, we think, have advantageously entered into details as to the manner of conducting this seminary. One thing with which he, as a mathematician, must have been particularly interested, is the teaching of practical geometry, plan-drawing, and perspective, to common soldiers, according to the method of *Bell* and *Lancaster*.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1819.

## MR. MATURIN.

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, the subject of this memoir, is the descendant of a French protestant emigrant family (whose history is almost as romantic as any recorded in the pages of fiction) and the son of a gentleman who held, for many years a lucrative and respectable situation under government. He entered Trinity College, Dublin,

at the age of fifteen, and his academical progress was marked not only by the entertainment of premiums and a scholarship, but of prizes of composition and extempore speaking in the theological class, and of the medals bestowed by the (now abolished) Historical Society, on those who distinguished themselves by rhetorical and poetical

productions. Though his collegiate life was thus not without its honors, we understand from the friend who communicated the materials for this memoir, that its subject was considered, both by his tutors and his companions, as more remarkable for indolence and melancholy than for talent. At a very early period of life, after a courtship that literally commenced in boyhood, he married Henrietta Kingsbury, sister to the present arch deacon of Killala, and grand-daughter of that Dr. Kingsbury to whom tradition says Swift uttered his last rational words. Like most men who marry early, he became the father of several children, three of whom survive, at an age when children are rather considered as toys to sport with, than objects to be provided for in life. For several years after his marriage he continued to reside in his father's house, till that father's dismission from the situation which he had held 47 years, with a spotless and esteemed character, plunged the whole family into a state of horrible distress, equalled only, perhaps, by that which occurred in the family of the unfortunate Sutherland—though not terminated by the same dreadful catastrophe.

Mr. Maturin, sen. during the course of a long and respectable life, had brought up and maintained a numerous family: he had married his daughters, and established his sons. The day of his dismission he was pennyless: it is singular, that though the commissioners of inquiry, who sat repeatedly on the business, pronounced this unfortunate gentleman wholly innocent of the charge (of fraud) brought against him, he has been suffered to linger for nine years since, without redress, without relief, and without notice. His son was now obliged to apply himself to means for the subsistence of his family, which the stipend of a Dublin curate, his only preferment, could not afford. He proposed to take pupils, as inmates in his house; and encouraged by the recollection of his own success at college, applied himself to his task with industry and hope. For some time he was successful, and we have been informed that

"Bertram" was written while the author had six young men residents in his house, and four who attended him for instruction daily, to all of whom his attention was unremitting. At this period he was unfortunately induced to become security for a relation whose affairs were considerably involved: the consequence was—what the consequence usually is—the relation defeated his creditors by taking the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and left the burthen of his debts on those who had attempted to lighten their pressure on him.

Mr. Maturin was compelled to give up his establishment, and is since, we understand, dependent solely on his literary talents for subsistence.

We willingly hasten over these details of misery, and pass to what is more properly our province—the history of Mr. Maturin's literary life. His first production was "Montorio," and this was followed by the "Wild Irish Boy," and the "Milesian." Of these works, Mr. Maturin, in his preface to "Women," has spoken with a feeling of severity, in which we are disposed most cordially to sympathize. They are in fact below all censure, and we really enjoy Mr. Maturin's candour in compromising an author's feelings with regard to his own works, and speaking of them as they deserve.

One circumstance alone could have induced us to think them worthy of being mentioned here, and this is, that Walter Scott was pleased to find or imagine some merit in "Montorio"—that this was signified to Mr. M.—that he availed himself of it to solicit an epistolary communication with Mr. Scott; and that to the zealous friendship, the judicious monitions, and the indefatigable patronage of this most excellent man, our author has been heard gratefully to ascribe all the distinction and success he has subsequently enjoyed. Excited by the success of Mr. Sheil's first tragedy of "Adelaide," in Dublin, he wrote "Bertram," and offered it to the manager of Crow-street theatre, by whom it was rejected in the year 1814. Mr. M. not possessing any means of access to the London the-

atres, suffered the manuscript to moulder by him for a year and a half, and then submitted it to the perusal of Mr. Scott: by Mr. Scott it was transferred to Lord Byron, then a member of the committee of Drury-lane theatre, and, through his influence, brought out at that theatre in May 1816, with an effect and popularity unparalleled since the production of "Pizarro."

The popularity of dramatic works is, however, proverbially transient; the moral feeling of the public was wounded by an alledged fault in the narrative, and "Bertram," after carrying all before it for the first season, and being successfully represented in England, Ireland, Scotland, and even America, is now, we believe, finally discarded from the list of stock-plays. "Bertram" was followed by "Manuel;" relative to the failure of which we have been favoured with some curious circumstances. When Mr. M. visited London, on the success of "Bertram," he was urged to employ his pen for Mr. Kean in the subsequent season. He was informed that that gentleman was extremely anxious to appear in a character of hoary and decrepid distress; and that the calamitous situation of his Majesty having rendered the representation of "Lear" improper, a *private character*, in a state of grief and insanity, might be substituted for it, and would insure all the success which the talents of that great actor, exerted in a character of his own selection, might be expected to command. Mr. M. accordingly strained every nerve to realize the conceptions of the performer, and the result was a total failure. This may, perhaps, be a useful lesson to the ambitious caprice of actors, and the fatal obsequiousness of authors; causes to which may be ascribed the obvious and progressive deterioration of the English stage.

We have now, overlooking the sins of his early youth, to speak of Mr. M.'s three last works, "Bertram,"—"Manuel," and his tale of "Women,"—works which, with all their defects, have no parallel or resemblance in modern composition. They all appear purely

the works of the author's mind. They are, as Johnson says,—“Painted out with resolute deliberation;”—his characters have no prototype in nature or life—they never existed, and never could have existed—yet they are not unnatural. They are the creatures of a powerful and poetical imagination, that can make us believe in it own creation, and with a touch, like magic, invest illusions with all the reality of truth.—He is alike “dissainful of help or hindrance.” He has neither image, sentiment, or style, or way of thinking, in common with his contemporaries. He is original (no small praise in this day of imitation), and his *melancholy* is neither that “of the poet, or courtier, or scholar”—it is *his own*—the predominant and awful tincture of his mind. His own feelings have communicated themselves to his writings; it is not the fastidious melancholy of surfeited luxury, not the maudlin tear of the bacchanal in the interval of intoxication, but that melancholy which arises from a sadly experimental acquaintance with real sufferings and their practical results.

Of "Bertram" so much has been said in praise and in dispraise, that it would be idle for us to add any thing—it was the most successful tragedy of its day—and is still a powerful monument of poetical ability. Of "Manuel" we are inclined to speak more favourably than the public has yet spoken, or will be willing, perhaps, to credit, after its failure. But the reader who turns to the description of the "Battle of Osma," in the first act—to the thrilling exclamation of "*let none but fathers search.*" in the second—to the beautiful and poetical pleadings of Manuel and De Zelos, in the third—to the feeble delirium and officious debility of Manuel in the fourth—and to the exquisite dialogue between the *guardian daughter* and the *lunatic father*, in the fifth, will acknowledge they have scarce a parallel in English dramatic poetry. "Women" is a work which, with all its dullness, its monotony of suffering, and its *horrible anatomy* of the *moral frame*, stands alone among modern writings—there is nothing like it—its profound and philosophical mel-

ancholy, its terrible researches into the deepest abysses of the human heart, and of human feeling—its daring *drawing the veil* of the “holy of holies,” while the hand that draws it trembles at the touch, make it a work unequalled in the list of English novels. We know nothing—*Simile aut secundum.*

Mr. Maturin, now among our standard authors, is, it appears, determined to be among our most prolific and indefatigable ones. He has a volume of sermons in the press. He is preparing a series of tales, which will come before the public the following season, and he has offered tragedies to the manager of Covent Garden, and the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre: from the former, which will be shortly forth-coming, high expectations are entertained.

Of the private habits or character of an individual hitherto so obscure, and living in another country, little can be learnt or related; but we have heard that the emotion with which he speaks of Mr. Scott, proves him to have a warm sense of gratitude; and the passiveness with which he has borne the attacks of his foes, a very cold one of injustice and calumny. In private life he is said to display a mixture of pla-

cidity and *insouciance* often united in the literary character, and to be a kind relative, an indulgent parent, and the *most uxorious man breathing*.

We have been informed, too, that the most singular contrast exists between the general character of his writings and the temper and taste of the author; and that the sorcerer, whose wand and word of power could evoke the awful but distorted phantoms of “Montorio;” the vivid delineator of the dreaded and dreadless “Bertram;” the faithful and agonizing tracer of the conflicts of blasphemy, suicide and despair in “Women,” is, in real life, the gayest of the gay, passionately fond of society, and of all that can exhilarate or embellish it—of music, of dancing, of the company of the youthful, and the society of females.

In person Mr. Maturin is tall, and formed with much elegance; but his countenance, unless when illuminated by conversation, expresses only the profoundest melancholy.

He must be now 37 years old, having been born in the year 1782, though the advantages of a figure unusually slight and juvenile, give him the appearance of being many years younger.

From the Literary Gazette.

## DR. JOHN WOLCOTT.

(PETER PINDAR.)\*

OF the same genus was “Peter’s Prophecy, an Epistle to Sir Joseph Banks,” in which the President of the Royal Society is very roughly handled; and “Peter’s Pension, a solemn Epistle to a Sublime Personage,” in which, between jest and earnest, the poet expresses his willingness to be pensioned.

This partly jocular and facetious, partly abusive, and partly serious proposition, was likely enough to be received like those sayings in which more is meant than meets the ear. Dr. Wolcott asserted that “he was solicited by the Administration to fall into their ranks. That his answer was, he had

no praise to bestow, but if silence would content them, he would *muzzle his Muse*. That the offer was accepted, but it was sometime after hinted to him, (having been paid two quarters pension) that active co-operation was expected. That he, in consequence, waited upon Mr. Charles Long, the Secretary of the Treasury, who, after some general conversation, informed the Doctor that there was money floating in that mine for such as deserved well of the government. This, of course, startled the virtuous and independent satirist, who snatching his hat, hastily withdrew, and refused to take

\* Concluded from p. 76.

the pension, of which one half year, amounting to 100*l.* was then due."

It requires little knowledge of life, or penetration to see that this must be a fallacious account of the transaction. The man who would sell his silence, could not be so indignant at the proposition to sell his voice. Hot patriots, indeed, may exclaim against the treasury bribery and corruption, but our opinion is, that one of the best and cheapest arts of government, in these times, would be the encouragement of men capable of enlightening and influencing the public mind. No one who ever had the slightest knowledge of the gentleman whose name is implicated in this affair, will suppose for an instant that any thing dishonourable or improper could be connected with his political life, and we may venture to say, that if ever an upright Statesman was formed out of an amiable and accomplished gentleman, it is in the person of the Right Honourable Charles Long.

It should, however, also be stated, in justice to Dr. Wolcott, that, subsequently to the melancholy circumstances of 1788-9, he never unbridled the licentiousness of his Muse upon his Sovereign.

The "Poetical Epistle to a Falling Minister," was succeeded by "Subjects for Painters," in which a multitude of stories are versified, most of them humorous, and some vulgar and profane; and this work was in turn succeeded by "Expostulatory Odes to a Great Duke and a Little Lord," "Benevolent Epistle to John Nichols," "Advice to the Laureat," "Epistle to Bruce the Abyssinian Traveller," "The Rights of Kings," &c. &c.

Having realized property by means tending very much to revolutionize, Peter Pindar was no friend to revolutionizing in other hands and in another way. About 1792, he attacked Tom Paine, and as the infamous works of that atheist incendiary have again been brought upon the *tapis*, by their re-publication, and the prosecution of the publisher, it may be apropos to revert to these poems, which thus commence:—

O Paine! thy vast endeavour I admire!  
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!  
Ambition, smiling, prais'd thy giant wish:  
Compared to *thee*, the man, to gain a name,  
Who to Diana's temple put the flame,  
A simple minnow to the king of fish.  
Say did'st thou fear that Britain was too blest,  
Of peace, thou most delicious pest?  
How shameful that this pin's-head of an isle,  
While half the globe's in grief, should wear a smile!

Some of the lashing is very forcible. After ironically praising the design, the poet exclaims—

What pity thy combustibles were bad!  
How Death had grinned delight and hell been glad  
To see our liberties o'erturning.

And again—

Ah Peace, thy triumph now is o'er!  
Thy cheek so cheerful smiles no more;  
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!  
Our Music shall be Nature's cry;  
Our ears shall feast on Pity's sigh—  
Lo! haggard Death prepares his tombs.  
Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;  
The full proud spirit of rebellion feel!  
Son of Sedition, daring Paine,  
While speech endues thy traitor tongue  
Bid the roof ring with damned song,  
And Erebus shall echo back the strain.

#### THE SONG.

Come, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,  
And success to our excellent cause:  
As we've nothing to *lose*, lo, nought can be lost;  
So, perdition to Monarchs and Laws!  
France shows us the way—an example how great!  
Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;  
May our names be preserved by some damnablefeat,  
For who but a wretch would be quiet?  
As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right  
At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;  
Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,  
And come in for a share of the plunder.  
Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,  
Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,  
The thanks of our Club shall be given to that *Max*,  
And hemlock shall form him a crown.  
Our empire has towered with a lustre too long;  
Then blot out the wonderful Sun;  
Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong,  
Complete what dark Gordon begun.  
But grant a defeat—we're hang'd and that's all;  
A punishment light as a feather;  
Yet we triumph in death, as we Catilines fall,  
And go to the Devil together.

We thus see how different interests sway different men to different courses. Wolcott only went the length of ridiculing religion and of libelling and vilifying his King; but he abhorred the darker democracy of Paine, whose disorganizing doctrines would overthrow religion

altogether, and steep the country in anarchy and blood.

Veering from the abuse of Reformers to the abuse of Ministers, Peter Pindar pursued his profitable course, publishing annually a number of pieces, from which, though on temporary subjects, a clever selection might be made, worthy of future years. It would be tedious were we to enumerate all his various Odes, Epistles, Satires, in which politics, personalities, the arts, literature, science, tales, humour, and love, were so oddly blended, and often so finely treated. Suffice it to say, that they form a collection of four goodly volumes. For a number of years past, the Doctor has written little except an occasional squib for a newspaper or magazine, to which receptacles for the fugitive wit and poetry of the passing hour he was a contributor for more than threescore years. An edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, in which he wrote the life of Richard Wilson, was the only work of magnitude, independent of his poems, which we have heard of his having executed.

The pursuits of Wolcott were not those which are calculated to secure an easy and quiet life. The enemy of many, too many, of his fellow-creatures, earning his bread by the continual publication of satire, as it is called, but in honest truth, of much professional invective, and personal slander, the world rewarded him neither with public honours nor private friendships. His wit was relished by the multitude, and the better parts of his genius applauded even by the wise and good, who, while they praised the talent, detested the principles of the writer. His was thus an existence of warfare—his hand was against every man, and the hand of every man was against him. The latter period of his days was agitated by many turmoils. By a lawsuit with his booksellers (which was compromised) it appeared that they allowed him 250*l.* a year for the copyright of his works. His furious assault upon the author of the *Baviad* in the shop of Mr. Wright, then a bookseller in Piccadilly, was an affair which was attended not only by

present shame but future punishment. He mistook for Mr. John Gifford, editor of the *Antijacobin Review*, in which he had been severely handled, Mr. William Gifford, the celebrated translator of *Juvenal*, and editor of the witty *Antijacobin* newspaper, and rashly attempted to strike the latter with his cane. But Mr. Gifford, aware of the attempt, wrenched the weapon from his hand, and laid it about the shoulders of the assailant, who was pushed out of the shop, with the pain of a broken head added to the disgrace of so scandalous an outrage. The man who had with his pen so bitterly attacked all ranks of society, could not endure a similar infliction upon himself; but in a state of intoxication resorted to ruffianly violence in revenge. It must indeed be confessed that a more dreadful castigation was never given than that which came from Mr. Gifford's pen in resentment of this assault. The epistle to Peter Pindar, for the appalling force of the picture, induces us to quote some of its lines.\*

----- Thou may'st toil and strain,  
Ransack, for filth, thy heart ; for lies, thy brain ;  
Rave, storm ;—tis fruitless all. Of this, be sure,  
Abuse of me, will ne'er ‘one sprat’ procure ;  
Bribe one night cellar to invite thee in,  
Purchase one draught of gunpowder and gin ;  
Seduce one brothel to display its charms,  
Nor lure one hobbling strumpet to thy arms.  
False fugitive ! back to thy vomit flee—  
Troll the lascivious song, the fulsome glee ;  
Truck praise for lust, hunt infant genius down,  
Strip modest merit of its last half-crown ;  
Blow from thy mildewed lips, on virtue blow,  
And blight the goodness thou can'st never know.

-----  
But what is he, that, with a Mohawk's air,  
“ Cries havoc ! and lets slip the dogs of war ? ”  
A bloated mass, a gross, blood-boltered clod,  
A foe to man, a renegade from God,  
From noxious childhood to pernicious age,  
Separate to infamy, in every stage.

-----  
Lo, here the reptile ! who from some dark cell,  
Where all his veins with native poison swell,  
Crawls forth, a slimy toad, and spits and spues  
The crude abortions of his loathsome Muse  
On all that Genius, all that Worth holds dear,  
Unsullied rank, and piety sincere ;  
While idiot Mirth the base defilement lauds,  
And Malice, with averted face, applauds.

-----  
Lo, here the brutal Sot ! who drenched with gin,  
Lashes his withered sides to tasteless sin ;  
Squeals out (with oaths and blasphemies between)  
The impious song, the tale, the jest obscene ;

\* See *Baviad and Mæviad*, 8th edition.

And careless views, amidst the "barbarous roar,  
His few grey hairs strew, one by one, the floor !  
  
Lo, here the wrinkled Profligate ! who stands  
On nature's verge, and from his leprous hands  
Shakes tainted verse ; who bids us, with the price  
Of rancorous falsehoods, pander to his vice ;  
Give him to live the future as the past,  
And in pollution wallow to the last !

This is indeed a frightful character, drawn under a feeling of strong indignation. It would be lamentable to think it as true in the detail as it must be allowed to be consistent with fact in the general outline. Wolcott was a man of vigorous constitution, and tasked that blessing to the utmost in the gratification of sensual appetites. His convivial talent was great, but not suited to the virtuous sex, nor even to the moral or refined of our rougher kind. At the festive board he was a gourmand, and how long his propensities for promiscuous gallantry (alas ! the word) were indulged or stimulated beyond the period for better things, may be gathered from the circumstances of his having been prosecuted, when above seventy years of age for criminal conversation, or, we believe, for attempted criminal conversation, with the young wife of a friend, a tailor, to whom he obtained familiar access under pretence of preparing her for the stage, with a mania for which she was struck. Damages were given in the King's Bench Court, but never paid ; and we know not whether the lady was fitted for public life or not by her venerable tutor. She was rather a fine woman, and as the husband was concealed somewhere while Pindar fell into the snare, it was generally thought that the matter was planned to entrap him. He was sadly annoyed by the denouement.

This was among the last acts of Wolcott's career which furnished conversation for the town. He lived for some years in Gooch Street, where he once narrowly escaped being burnt to death, together with the old woman who at-

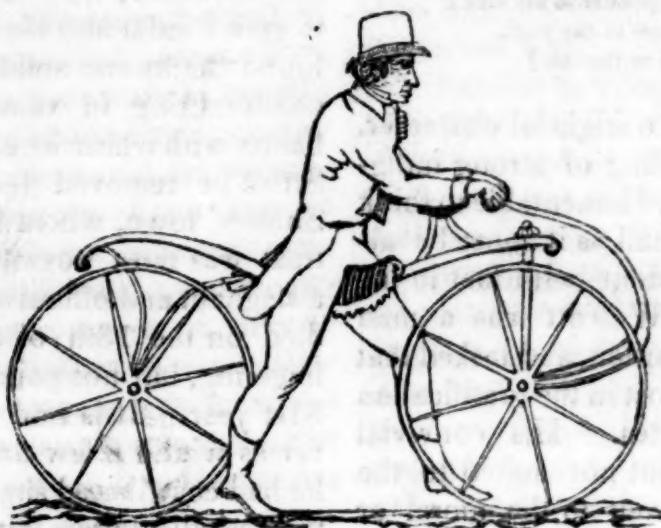
tended him in his blindness ; the bed-curtains of this domestic having caught fire, the blaze was luckily seen by a hackney-coachman on the stand opposite the house, who rushed in, in time to save Pindar and his housekeeper, and found the former amid all his infirmity endeavouring in vain to subdue the flames with a hearth-rug. From Gooch Street he removed for country air to Somers' town, where his salubrious retreat was most noxiously situated near a stagnant and offensive pool. Here he died on the 13th of January, after a lingering, but not painful illness, in his 81st year. It is said that he dictated verses within a few days of his death ; he had contributed slight productions to the periodical press within a year or two preceding. Report also states that many of his earlier and unpublished *jeux d'esprit* are preserved in Cornwall by his ancient acquaintances or their descendants.

What rank may be assigned to him as a Poet, it is not our province to determine. When the pure shall be separated from the impure in his works ; the soundly critical, the easy lyrical, the humorous, and the pathetic, from the abusive, the doggrel, the vulgar, and the profane, there will remain, in our opinion, a residuum which will long maintain powerful claims upon the applause of mankind. For in many of his lesser efforts there is great tenderness and beauty, and in multitudes of his anecdotes and tales such a fund of entertainment as must render them lasting favourites. That his memory may survive untainted by those blotches which infected his living fame, it is incumbent upon his future editor to execute upon his works the advice which Hamlet gives his mother respecting her heart :

O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.

## NEW INVENTIONS.

## THE PATENT ACCELERATOR ; or, WALKING EXPEDITION.



THIS truly original machine was the invention of Baron Charles de Drais, master of the woods and forests of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden. The account given of it by the inventor, of its nature and properties, is,

1. That on a well-maintained post-road, it will travel up hill as fast as an active man can walk.
2. On a plain, even after a heavy rain, it will go six or seven miles an hour, which is as swift as a courier.
3. When roads are dry and firm, it runs on a plain at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, which is equal to a horse's gallop.
4. On a descent, it equals a horse at full speed.

Its theory is founded on the application of a wheel to the action of a man in walking. With respect to the economy of power, this invention may be compared to that very ancient one of carriages. As a horse draws, in a well-constructed carriage, both the carriage and its load much easier than he could carry the load alone on his back : so a man conducts, by means of the Accelerator, his body easier than if he had its whole weight to support on his feet. It is equally incontestible, that the Accelerator, as it makes but one impression, or rut, may always be directed on the best part of the road. On a hard road the rapidity of the Accelerator resembles that of an expert skater ; as the princi-

ples of the two motions are the same. In truth, it runs a considerable distance while the rider is inactive, and with the same rapidity as when his feet are in motion ; and, in a descent, it will beat the best horses in a great distance, without being exposed to the risks incidental to them, as it is guided by the mere gradual motion of the fingers, and may be instantly stopped by the feet.

It consists of two wheels, one behind the other, connected by a perch, on which a saddle is placed, for the seat of the traveller. The front wheel is made to turn on a pivot, and is guided in the same manner as a Bath chair. On a cushion in front, the fore-arm is rested ; and by this means the instrument and the traveller are kept in equilibrio.

*Its Management.*

The traveller having placed himself in the position represented in the cut, his elbows extended, and his body inclined a little forward, must place his arms on the cushion, and preserve his equilibrium by pressing lightly on the side which appears to be rising. The rudder (if it may be so called) must be held by both hands, which are not to rest on the cushion, that they may be at full liberty, as they are as essential to the conduct of the machine as the arms are to the maintenance of the balance of it (attention will soon produce sufficient dexterity for this purpose) ; then placing the feet lightly on the ground,

long but very slow steps are to be taken, in a right line, at first ; taking care to avoid turning the toes out, lest the heels should come in contact with the hind wheel. It is only after having acquired dexterity in the equilibrium and direction of the Accelerator, that the attempt to increase the motion of the feet, or to keep them elevated while it is in rapid motion, ought to be attempted.

The saddle may be raised or lowered, as well as the cushion, at pleasure ; and thus suited to the height of various persons.

The inventor proposes to construct them to carry two persons, and to be impelled by each alternately, or by both at once ; and also with three or four wheels, with a seat for a lady : besides the application of a parasol or umbrella, he also proposes to avail himself of a sail, with a favourable wind.

This instrument appears to have satisfied a desideratum in mechanics : all former attempts have failed, upon the known principle that power is obtainable only at the expense of velocity. But the impelling principle is totally different from all others : it is not derived from the body of the machine, but from a resistance operating externally, and in a manner the most conformable to nature—the resistance of the

feet to the ground. The body is carried and supported, as it were, by two skates, while the impulse is given by the alternate motion of both the legs.

The Germans call this machine “Dra's Laufmashin,” and the French “Draisena.” Under the direction of Baron Drais, a carriage was some years since constructed to go without horses ; but as it required two servants to work it, and was a very complicated piece of workmanship, besides being heavy and expensive, the Baron, after having brought it to some degree of perfection, relinquished the design altogether in favour of the present machine. It is stated, that a person well practised can travel eight, nine, and even ten miles an hour, on good and level ground ; and that the Accelerator has even beat the Brighton four-horse coach by half an hour. On the pavements of the metropolis it might be impelled with great velocity : but this is forbidden, under Mr. Taylor's Paving Act.—*Eu. Mag.* March, 1819.

*The Velocipede has been introduced into England, under letters patent, by Mr. Johnson, a coachmaker in Long-Acre, by whom it has been greatly improved, both in lightness and strength. “The road from Ipswich to Whittton,” says the Bury paper, “is travelled every evening by several pedestrian hobby-horses ; no less than six are seen at a time, and the distance, which is 3 miles, is performed in 15 minutes.”*

## VARIETIES :

### LONDON FASHIONS, APRIL 1819.

From Ackerman's Repository, April 1819.

#### WALKING-DRESS.

**A** Round dress, composed of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*: the skirt made full, and of a moderate length ; it is richly ornamented at the bottom with a fulness of satin to correspond, over which are three small rouleaus, placed almost close to each other ; these are surmounted by a trimming, also of satin to correspond, composed of bunches of leaves, three together : they are placed crosswise at regular distances, and being very much raised, have a rich and beautiful effect. The body is made tight to the shape ; the waist short ; and the front is braided to the back of the shoulder in such a manner as to display the form of the bust to great advantage, as well as to form a handsome epaulette : each row of braiding is finished with a frog. A high collar, richly braided, stands out from the throat ; and a full lace ruff is worn underneath it. Head-dress, a bonnet compo-

sed of intermingled velvet and *gros de Naples* of a pale straw-colour : for the shape, which is perfectly new, we refer to our print : it ties under the chin with soft ribbon to correspond, and is ornamented with a beautiful plume of white drooping feathers placed in front. Limerick gloves. Lavender-coloured kid half-boots.

#### EVENING DRESS.

A white gauze round dress over a white satin slip : the skirt is very full, and is trimmed in a novel style with silk net, disposed in such a manner as to represent little baskets, in each of which is placed a bouquet of small spring flowers. The corsage is tight to the shape : it is cut low round the bust ; the lower part is composed of pale pink satin, the upper of white lace. The sleeve is in the Spanish style ; it is of white lace, is very full, and is slashed with pale pink satin : it is finished at the bottom by a single row of fly trimming, which is a new invention, of a light and pretty description, composed of *flos* silk. Head-dress, the Elphinstone cap : it is a mixture of satin and net ; the caul is of a

moderate size, and it has a small round brim, something in the hat style: it is ornamented with a wreath of spring flowers round the edge of the brim, and another at the bottom of the crown. Pearl necklace and earrings. White satin slippers.

#### PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Proger, of Werndee, in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. The house which had lately been repaired for the tenant, was in such a state of dilapidation, that the father of the last proprietor, Mr. Proger, was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skirrid, made various enquiries respecting the country, the prospect, and the neighbouring houses; and, among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?"—"That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house; for *out* of it *came* the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Rumney, Caerdiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earls of Hunsdon; the Jeues of Trevwen and Lanarth; and all the Powells. *Out* of this house also, by the female line, *came* the Dukes of Beaufort."—"And pray, sir, who lives there now?"—"I do, sir."—"Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice; *Come out* of it yourself, or it will tumble and crush you."

#### GOUT PRODUCED BY WINE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

Various have been the causes assigned for the production of gout, and all of them erroneous; as it appears by the following statement of facts—that gout proceeds from one cause, the acid of wine, or of cyder. That good eating is not productive of gout, is proved by the middling classes, tradesmen, farmers, &c. who eat of animal food plentifully, never having the disease, unless inherited from wine-drinking fathers. That want of exercise does not produce

gout, is proved by the sedentary poor—mechanics, tailors, shoe-makers, &c. never having the disease: that exercise, and a spare diet, do not prevent the disease, is proved by its frequency among the peasantry in the cyder counties. Many gentlemen of gouty constitutions have subdued the disease, by abstaining from wine, though they have indulged in luxurious eating; and to their comparative temperance in wine-drinking, is to be attributed the almost total exemption of females from the disease.

Intemperate malt-liquor drinkers suffer from one train of symptoms and spirit-drinkers from another, but they never have the gout; therefore it is clearly proved that the acid of wine, or of cyder, is necessary for the production of the disease in the climate of Great Britain.

VERITAS.

#### BEAUTY IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY.

By M. Stendhal.

Ancona, May 27.—I met, at St. Ciriaco, a Russian general, a friend of Erfurt, who had just come from Paris.

A physical peculiarity of the French shocked my Russian friend very much; the dreadful leanness of the most of the danseuses at the Opera. In fact, it seems to me, on reflection, that many of our fashionable women who are extremely slender, have caused this circumstance to enter into the idea of beauty. Leanness is in France considered necessary to an elegant air. In Italy, people think, very rationally, that the first condition of it is the air of health, without which there is no voluptuousness.

The Russian is of opinion that beauty is very rare among the French ladies. He maintains that the finest figures he saw at Paris were English women.

If we take the trouble to count in the Bois de Boulogne, out of a hundred French women, eighty are agreeable, and hardly one beautiful. Out of a hundred English women, thirty are grotesque, forty are decidedly ugly, twenty tolerably well, though *maussades*, and ten divinities on this earth,

from the freshness and innocence of their beauty.

Out of a hundred Italian women, thirty are caricatures, with face and neck besmeared with rouge and powder, fifty are beautiful, but with no other attraction than an air of voluptuousness ; the twenty others are of antique beauty, the most overpowering, and, in our opinion, surpass even the most beautiful English women. English beauty seems avaricious, without soul and life, beside the divine eyes which Heaven has given to Italy.

The form of the bones in the hand is ugly at Paris ; it approximates to that of the monkey, and it prevents the women from resisting the attacks of age. The three most beautiful women of Rome are certainly more than 45. Paris is farther north ; and yet such a miracle was never yet observed there. I observed to the Russian general, that Paris and Champagne were the parts of France where the configuration of the head partakes least of beauty. The women of Pays de Caux, (in Normandy) and of Arles (in Provence) approximate more to the beautiful forms of Italy. Here and there is always some grand feature, even in the heads of the most decidedly ugly. Some idea may be formed of this, from the heads of the old women of Leonardo da Vinci, and of Raphael.

As to male beauty, after the Italians, we give the preference to young Englishmen, when they escape clumsiness.

A young Italian peasant that happens to be ugly, is frightful ; the French peasant is silly ; and the English is vulgar.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

You may depend upon the following being a fact, as it was told me by a man who was one of the party that went ashore ; and he is one of a religious turn, (being a very strict Quaker,) which confirms me in the belief of what he has told me. So, by inserting this in your invaluable work, you will oblige me.

A party of a ship's crew being sent ashore on a part of the coast of India, for the purpose of cutting wood for the

ship, one of the men, having strayed from the rest, was greatly frightened by the appearance of a large lioness, who made towards him ; but, on her coming to him, she lay down at his feet, and looked very earnestly, first at him, and then at a tree at a little distance off. After repeating her looks several times, she arose, and proceeded on towards the tree, looking back several times, seemingly wishing the man to follow her, which he did ; and, upon coming to the tree, he looked up, and perceived a huge baboon, with two young cubs in his arms, which he supposed were the lioness's, as she crouched down like a cat, and seemed to eye them very steadfastly ; upon which the man, being afraid to ascend the tree, bethought himself to cut the tree down ; and, having his axe with him, he set to work, when the lioness seemed more attentive to what he was doing ; and, upon the tree falling, she sprung forward on the baboon, and, after tearing him in pieces, she turned round and licked the cubs over and over again ; after which she returned to the man, who was greatly frightened at seeing her in such a rage with the baboon ; but she came and fawned round him, rubbing her head against him in great fondness ; and which seemed to shew her gratitude for the service which he had done her : she then went to the cubs, and, taking one of them up in her mouth went away with it ; and, returning soon afterwards for the other, she went away with that also ; when the man made the best of his way off to the shore, where he was taken aboard, and did not get rid of his fright for some time after. R.COMB.

From the Panorama, March 1819.

#### THE LATE MARIE ANTOINETTE.

A correspondent in the *Quotidienne*, advertizing to the death of the late Antoinette, Queen of France, gives the following piquant anecdote, as one which has hitherto escaped all the historians of this disastrous period :—When the Royal Family, arrested in their attempted flight from France, were on their return from Varennes to Paris, the Dauphin having remarked on the buttons of M. Barnave, one of the Depu-

ties appointed by the National Assembly to attend the Royal prisoners, the device *To live free, or die*, turned to his mother and said, "Mamma, what does that mean, to live free?" "My son," replied the Queen, "it is to go where you please."—"Ah, mamma," rejoined the infant quickly, "then we are not free." Her Majesty bade him be silent, but Barnave was much moved, and from this and other circumstances during the journey, returned full of grief and repentance to Paris, where he soon afterwards paid with his head for his desertion from the colours of the revolution.

#### COUNT RANTZAU.

From the Gentleman's Magazine, Jan. 1819.

Count Rantzau when 60 years old, had a mistress only 20, taken from the opera. The ability, the heroism, the integrity, and the *naïveté* of this wonderful girl is a singular curiosity. Rantzau, in a fit of despair, had seized his pistols, which a faithful valet had unloaded, and had also communicated his apprehensions to Miss Livernet :

"She went with a palpitating bosom to the Count ; and suddenly assuming a gaiety that was a stranger to her heart, ran smiling into his room. She found him with a pistol in his hand, that he appeared to be loading. His looks were wild and haggard. Turning his glaring eye-balls towards the door, he asked her sternly how she dare approach unbidden, and without notice ? Instead of reply, she rushed to his bosom, and throwing her arms round his neck, entreated him to leave Hamburgh, and not risk his life by a duel with this wretched parasite, who hoped for eclat and preferment as the reward of his insolence. 'Your character for courage, my dear Count,' said the artful pleader (who marked the intended suicide, but glanced only at a duel), is too well established to suffer by your refusing to meet every desperado who may dare to challenge you.' The Count, deceived in thinking Sophia Livernet was deceived, suffered her to return the pistols to the case, whence he had thus taken them. Kissing off the tear that glistened in her

bright eyes, the volatile old nobleman forgot, in the caresses of that fascinating girl, the dreadful purpose he had in view when she entered. . . . The accomplishments of Miss Livernet were not confined to her graceful dancing : she had a sweet voice, and was enthusiastically devoted to music. A pedal harp stood in the room, and some music books lay strewed on a table. She took her seat at the harp, and played some plaintive German airs, accompanied by her dulcet voice, that rapidly drove away the melancholy which had filled the Count's bosom, who was a votary of Apollo, as well as of Venus. Fascinated by the skill and pathos of the fair girl, the enraptured Nobleman clasped her in his arms, and said with vehemence, 'Sophia ! thou art dearer to me than all my possessions beside ! Say, my beloved, how can I recompense thee ? Speak boldly, for were it to make thee Countess Rantzau, I would not refuse.' Smiling at his gallantry, and perhaps exulting in the power of beauty and music she said, 'Promise me, then, upon your word and honour, never more, be your trials what they may, to think of suicide.' The Count was amazed. In a moment he recollects the circumstance of his pistols being unloaded, when he thought to have found them charged ; and he *felt* that to her vigilance, he was indebted for his life. For some moments he was unable to speak. At last, he said, in a solemn tone, 'I promise thee, noblest of women, never to raise my hand against my life ; and if you will accept that hand, thou shalt be my Countess.'

"Sophia thanked him for the first part of his promise ; and with ineffable sweetness told him, she would rather possess his love as his mistress, than run the risk of being despised as his wife. 'Reflect, my Lord, said she, upon the ridicule and disgrace you must encounter were you to marry me, and have a *tailor* for your father-in-law ; I should be cursed as a wicked, cunning jade ; and ten to one, if you died first, but your heirs would find means to annul the marriage, and strip me of my fine title ! No, my dear Count, I dare not

venture to become your wife. Only yesterday morning, dressed as a country girl, with a basket of flowers, I followed amongst three or four blooming lasses into your august presence. Because I had changed the colour of my hair, rouged my cheeks, and learnt my *plaat Dicitsch* [Low German] pretty well, my sagacious Lord did not know me; yet you gave me the preference; kiss'd me till I trembled for my rouge; and told me to be at the back door at eight o'clock; and here, your excellency, are the necklace and the ear-rings that you then gave me.' The Count could scarce believe his eyes, 'What the devil does all this mean?' said he, 'Were you indeed the flower girl, whose bewitching eyes and well-formed bosom caught my attention?' 'Yes, indeed, my Lord! I am that very girl, over whose virtue you thought to triumph by tempting her avarice.—As your mistress, my Lord Count, I can bear these *youthful* sallies; but as a Countess, I should perhaps trouble you with complaints or remonstrances. I might say, if at twenty years of age, I were content with a lover of threescore, I could not tell why my husband required a dozen flower girls to attend his toilette every morning, and should soon offend you; and shall therefore never accept the honour of being your Countess.' He laughed heartily at her lively wit. No longer thinking of Matilda, the portraits, or of suicide, he that day gave himself up to the fascinating girl, who stepped a minuet more gracefully than any woman in Denmark; and to please the Count, exerted her talents to the utmost. She put on the costume in which the day before she had beguiled him of his trinkets! She sung, she danced, she played; she encouraged him to smoke. He drank a whole bottle of Chateau Margeau. At last he sung some favorite duets with his attractive mistress; and swore that he was still the happiest man alive; and never more would suffer the blue devils to get the upper hand of him."

We have made this copious extract, because we believe that nine married women out of ten, would have read the

Count a mere lecture on the occasion, and thus perhaps have expedited the suicide. Did married women consider the power of everlasting good humour, and playful blandishment, like this ingenious girl, infidelity would be more rare, conjugal happiness would not fluctuate, and their power be supreme, held only by silken chains, yet strong as adamant!—*Original Memoirs of the Northern Courts, just published.*

#### INTREPIDITY OF SAILORS.

From the New Monthly Magazine, March 1819.

The high born, liberally educated, and elegantly polished classes afford a very doubtful criterion of a national character, as refinement introduces a similarity of habits, and, it may be added, that occasions for displaying the discriminating shades seldom occur. It is in the humbler walks of life we must seek for the genuine disposition of a people. Sailors, more especially, are least tinctured by *l'esprit de société*, and volumes might be filled with authenticated records of the humanity, the disinterested greatness of mind, inartificially exhibited by British tars. As your Miscellany is so extensively circulated on the continent, permit me to observe, that anecdotes of our seamen would be highly gratifying to Britons residing in foreign parts; and I believe the following is little known, though it deserves universal attention, as an evidence of undaunted intrepidity and exalted gratitude for mild treatment, when a prisoner, and manly religious confidence.—The hero, Daniel Bryan, was a few years ago a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich; when far advanced in years, and captain of the foretop, he was turned over from the *Blanche* frigate to Sir Sidney Smith's ship, *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, he made frequent applications to be employed on shore, but his age and deafness were considered as insuperable disqualifications. At the first storming of the breach, one of the French generals was slain, among the multitudes of his countrymen, who were immolated to the mad ambition of Napoleon. The Turks struck off the head of this officer,

and, after inhumanly mangling his body, threw it out to be devoured by dogs.—Bryan heard his messmates describe this horrid spectacle, and when any boat's crew returned from the shore, he often inquired if they had buried the French general? The answer he commonly received was—"Go, and do it yourself."—Daniel Bryan reiterated his requests for leave to go and see the town; and, dressed in his best clothes, went with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. He procured a pick-axe, a shovel and a rope, and insisted upon being let down from a port-hole close to the breach. Some young messmates begged hard to share his danger, for a slight circumstance enkindles the nobler and milder virtues that blend with invincible valour in the bosom of a British sailor.

Bryan would not permit his young friends to risk their lives. He said, they were too far from Old England to get new supplies of hardy fellows, and they must take care of themselves, as the honor of the British flag sat upon every single arm in their courageous band. He would go alone—he was old and deaf, and his loss would not be of any consequence. He was eloquent in the style best adapted for dissuading his hearers from giving the enemy an advantage by reducing the number of champions for Old England, and the junior tars slung and lowered him down, with his implements for action. His first difficulty was to drive away the dogs.\* The French levelled their pieces—they were ready to fire at the veteran, who, as he professed, went to bury the French general, because his countrymen had treated him well, when, 20 years ago, their prisoner: but an officer discerning Bryan's friendly intentions, threw himself across the file. The din of arms was instantaneously suspended; and in the dead solemn interval, our British seaman performed the rites of sepulture for a general of his foes. He then made the signal, and was hoisted into the town.

A few days passed, and Sir Sidney Smith being informed of Dan Bryan's achievement, ordered him into the cabin.

\* See Denon's *Account of the Campaign in Egypt.*

"Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Had you any assistance?"

"Yes, your honor."

"I understood you had nobody with you."

"But I had, your honor."

"Ah, who had you?"

"God Almighty, Sir."

"The very best assistant. Give old Dan a glass of grog."

Dan drank to Sir Sidney's health, and left the cabin much gratified. G.

AFFECTING, BUT UNCONSCIOUS REPROOF OF A CHILD TO HIS MOTHER.

Lady Strathmore, who broke her first husband's heart by the violence of her temper and her want of feeling—a conduct which her second spouse, Mr. Bowes, punished by nearly breaking her bones through a more manual exercise of qualities similar to her own—lavished all the affection with which nature had endowed her, on a large black cat. This animal was her bosom friend, her constant companion, the object of all her caresses, and a never-failing guest at her ladyship's breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper-table; where, when en famille, it was not only served first, but served of the best and rarest dainties, in preference to her child. It happened one day, when she had bestowed even more than her usual fond attention on Grimalkin, that her son, a strikingly fine boy, sighed deeply, and sorrowfully fixing his eyes on the dingy favourite, exclaimed, in a voice pathetically impressive, "O! how I wish I were a black cat!"—"A black cat!" every one reiterated—"What can you mean, my dear boy, by so strange a wish?"—"Because," replied the child, "my mother would then love me!"

Guess the feelings of the company at a reply so full of affection and simplicity. They could not at the time be expressed, by those who composed it, nor can words be found to do so now.

Cambridge, Feb. 26.—The valuable Oriental MSS. bequeathed to this University by the celebrated African traveller BURCKHARDT, consisting of upwards of 300 volumes, have safely arrived, and are now deposited in the Public Library.

## POETRY.

From the London Monthly Magazines, 1819.

## THE EVENING BELLS OF CINTRA.\*

(From the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens.)

By J. MITFORD, Esq.

**H**ARK to the evening bells' sweet chime!—  
Hark to the sound that dies o'er the hill!  
The watchword of life, by father Time,  
Is given—and all around is still.  
  
If all is still,—why beats my heart?  
If all is still,—why heaves this sigh?  
Ah, no! when the fondest lovers part,  
Words flow from the lips, and tears from the eye.  
  
I saw her form, and her white robe flowing,  
To the breath of the forest wind gently wave;  
Heart pulse, heart pulse, why art thou glowing  
At a glimpse of next world from the brink of the  
grave!  
  
She is gone—she is fled, like a meteor in heaven,  
That leaves not a trace of its course in the sky!  
Vainly I gaze, to despair nearly driven,  
While the light clouds of evening float silently by.  
  
Hark! 'tis the sound of the evening bells!  
Inspiring religion!—My sorrows are o'er;—  
Midnight advances:—how solemn her spells,  
They whisper, "we'll meet, where we'll part, love,  
no more."  
  
They whisper, Eugenia, that thou wilt be mine,  
In spite of the court, and the courtier's spells:  
Long shall the bard bless Mary's shrine!—  
Long bless the sound of the evening bells.

## THE BANQUET SONG OF THE TONGA ISLANDERS.†

[By the Author of "Legends," &amp;c.]

VERSIFIED FROM A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

**C**OME to Licoo!—the sun is riding  
Down hills of gold to his coral bowers!  
Come where the wood-pigeon's moan is chiding  
The song of the wind while we gather flowers.

\* The Evening Bells is a favourite air in Portugal, particularly at Coimbra. The author has adhered, as nearly as translation would permit, to the measure of Camoens, rude as it may be considered. It is a style of verse which may not appear musical to a mere English reader, but which is by no means unpleasant to those who are acquainted with the Portuguese language. Hamlet, as translated by the Jesuit Francesco Peroussa, now Archbishop of Elba, reads, in this sonorous tongue, uncommonly well, though if delivered upon the stage, loses a great part of its effect: as the Portuguese have no performer who can be called a respectable tragedian.

† Mary's Shrine, at Estiforza, is a place much resorted to, and a "dip in Mary's Well," (a spring issuing from a rock in its vicinity,) is considered equal in virtue to Papal absolution.

‡ In the South Pacific Ocean, their language is musically smooth, as appears by this specimen:—

"O chicheto—O chiche matta la  
O chicheto—Vette vala vala—  
Keonemar, keonemar, koar, koar, koar—  
Keovehey, kohey,  
To allelebay,  
Ki allubey!"

Let us plait the garlands and weave the chi,  
While the wild waves dance on our iron strand—  
To-morrow these waves may wash our graves,  
And the moon look down on a ruined land!

Let us light the torches and dip our hair  
In the fragrant soil of the sandal tree;  
Strike the bonjoo and the oola share,  
Ere the death gods hear our jubilee.

Who are they that in floating towers,  
Come with their skins of curdled snows?  
They shall see our maidens dress our bowers,  
While the hooni shines on their sunny brows.

Who shall mourn when red with slaughter  
Finow sits on the funeral stone?  
Who shall weep for his dying daughter?  
Who shall answer the Red Chief's moan?

He shall cry unheard by the funeral stone,  
He shall sink unseen in the split canoe,  
Tho' the plantain bird is his alone,  
And the thundering gods of Fan-Fonnoo!

Let us not think—'tis but an hour  
Ere the wreath shall drop from the warrior's waist—  
Let us not think!—'tis not an hour  
We have on our perfum'd mats to waste.

Alas!—the wild bushes hide our land!  
Few are the youthful chiefs that seek  
Their brides in peace on the yellow sand,  
While the moon hides half her wasted cheek.

Shall we not banquet tho' Tonga's king?  
To-morrow may throw the battle spear?  
Let us whirl our torches and tread the ring,  
He shall only find our foot-prints here.

We will dive, and the turtle's track shall guide  
Our way to the cave where Hoonga dwells  
While under the tide he hides his bride,  
And lives by the light of its starry shells.

Our babes and our ag'd men there shall sleep  
On tufts of the silver ifi's leaves,  
Till on Finow's grave our watch we keep,  
And his widow'd wife the death-veil weaves.

Come to Licoo! in yellow skies  
The sun is bright, and the wild birds play!  
To-morrow for us may never rise—  
Come to Licoo to day—to day!

V.

## FROM THE ARABIC.

OH! ask me not—oh! task me not  
Her monument to see,  
For doubly blest is there the rest,  
Which never comes to me.

Oh! say not so—you may not so  
All powerful Love inhume;  
For in your breast, while life's a guest,  
The heart's her real tomb.

† King Finow appears to have been the Buona-partie of the South-sea isles. On one of their coasts is a celebrated cave, which can only be entered by diving, and is distinguished by a very pretty tradition. See Ath. vol. 1. p. 826.

## HYMN TO THE OMNIPOTENT.

LORD of universal Nature,  
God of every living creature,  
Light of morning—shade of even,  
King of Ocean, Earth and Heaven,—  
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

Soul of love—and source of pleasure,  
Mine of every richer treasure,  
King of tempest,—storm, and shower,  
Ruler of each secret power,—  
Whilst for favor I implore thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

Spring of river,—lake, and fountain,  
Piler of the rock and mountain,  
Breath of animal creation,  
Life of varied vegetation,—  
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

First and last,—Eternal Being,—  
All pervading, and all seeing,  
Centre of divine perfection,—  
Whence the planets learn subjection,—  
Whilst for favor I implore thee,  
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

T. G.

## THE LAST TEAR.

SHE had done weeping,—but her eyelash yet  
Lay silken heavy on her lilyed cheek,  
And on its fringe a tear,—like a lone star  
Shining above the rich and hyacinth skirts  
Of the western clouds that veil the April eve ;—  
The veil rose up and with it rose the star,  
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue  
That widened as the shower clears off from Heaven.  
Her beauty woke ;—a sudden beam of soul  
Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek  
Into one crimson,—and exhaled the tear !

## INTELLIGENCE.

M R. Hogg, the Scottish poet, known by the name of the Ettric Shepherd, has for some time been employed in collecting and arranging for the press, the *Jacobite Poetical Relics of Scotland*, during the struggles in 1715 and 1745. They consist chiefly of songs, many of which are admirable specimens of sarcastic wit ; but they partake neither of the ancient heroic ballad, nor of the pastoral style of modern times.

As a spur to the exertions of the ships about to sail on a voyage of Arctic Discovery, the privy-council have announced a reward of 5000*l.* for reaching Hearne's or Copper-mine River ; 10,000*l.* for reaching the Whale Island of Mackenzie ; 15,000*l.* for reaching 150° west longitude ; and 20,000*l.* for reaching the Pacific Ocean by a north-west passage. They also offer 1000*l.* for reaching the lat. of 83° ; 2000*l.* for the lat. of 85° ; 3000*l.* for 87° ; 4000*l.* for 88° ; and 5000*l.* for 89° and upwards.

The London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews have, with a degree of zeal which is truly praiseworthy, aided their cause by the publication of the Hebrew New Testament, and also of Hannah Adams's History of the Jews ; both of which we shall hereafter notice in our reviewing department.---But as we consider the Society to be deserving of every encouragement, we shall briefly state a few of its leading features in order to assist their general objects---which is, to convince the Jews that our Lord Jesus Christ is the true Messiah foretold by their prophets, and to advance their temporal and eternal welfare by their conversion to the Christian faith. The object being scriptural in its principle, benevolent in its character, and beneficial in its results, the Society employ those means which appear calculated to promote it. These are, the formation of minor societies in different parts of the kingdom, the erection of a chapel for preaching to the Jews, the formation of schools for educating Jewish children, and providing them with suitable businesses or situations when they are of proper age, the diffusion of useful knowledge by means of a periodical work and other

books of instruction connected with the leading features of the Society. After a general statement of the advantages to be derived from such an undertaking, it cannot be necessary to press upon the mind of the Christian public the necessity of aiding this benevolent Society.

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